THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 26. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MRS. CURLEY'S HOME.

It is Presented to Her in Due Form at a Mass Meeting Held in Front of the Widow's Cottage Last Sunday Afternoon.

Remarks of the Rev. Father M. O'Sullivan, John F. Finerty, John F. Keating, Lawrence Henely and Others.

Mrs. Daniel Curley, widow of one of the Irishmen tried, condemned and executed on the information of the infamous James Carey, for alleged participation in the killing of Cavendish and Burke by the Invincible Society in Phœnix Park, Dublin, May 6, 1883, was formally presented with a home for herself and children last Sunday afternoon. This good work was mainly accomplished by the exertions of the Rev. Father M. O'Sullivan, assistant pastor of the Church of the Nativity, seconded by the Ancient Order of Hibernians in this city and elsewhere throughout the Union. The home, which is a pretty cottage of good capacity, is situated on the east side of Emerald avenue, near Thirty-seventh street. A procession of the divisions of the Ancient Order, whose halls are in that locality, was formed at 4 o'clock, and an open-air mass meeting was subsequently held in front of Mrs. Curley's house. The street for a couple of blocks was thronged with Hibernians, their friends and relatives. A wagon, placed in the shade of an enormous willow tree, served for a platform. Father O'Sullivan was introduced as chairman by Mr. P. B. Flanagan, county delegate of the order. The Rev. chairman made a brief speech, in which he cordially thanked all those in Chicago, and outside of it, who had aided him in the benevolent work carried that day to a successful conclusion. He particularly thanked THE CITIZEN for having thrown open its columns to the publication of the names of subscribers to the fund, and also for its advocacy of the cause. Then he introduced

JOHN F. FINERTY,

who spoke at some length on the practical side of the Irish question, showing that nothing but the most persistent and scientific efforts on the part of the English government had kept Ireland—the richest country of its extent in the world, if nature was allowed its way—poor and suffering. No man, he said, gave up with indifference the wife of his bosom, the children of his love, the pleasures of existence, for a cold, silent, nameless grave in the yard of a common jail without a purpose behind him. What was that purpose? To make Ireland what America is—the arbiter of her own destiny, free prosperous and happy. There was no reason why Daniel Curley, and others like him, should have sacrificed more for Ireland than their countrymen who survived them. Such sacrifices recalled the infinite one made on Calvary for the sins of men. The lesser sacrifices were not made for the whole of mankind, in that broad and divine sense, but for one of the great family of nations, for a country that had suffered much, and was still suffering much, for the principles of liberty—for the inherent rights bestowed upon her by a bountiful creator and filched from her by a robber neighbor, on the base principle that might makes right, and that selfishness is justice. No honest man could justify English rule in Ireland. No truthful man could condemn any Irishman who struck a blow—even though it might be awkward and untimely—against it. Ireland would have to be cruel to England for more than seven centuries in the future, and be cruel, too, beyond the conception of cruelty in our age, before she could begin to equal England in her infinity of crimes against Ireland. (Applause.) It was because of this knowledge that Irishmen of strong national sympathies—Irishmen, too, of cool, common sense views—were charitable to those of the race who, yielding to the impulse of headlong resentment, occasionally "reddened the shroud of the oppressor with, perhaps, too crimson a dye." (Applause.) Such men would always be found when intolerable tyranny created them (hear, hear); and, indeed, it was well for liberty that this was so, although sometimes even those who were not directly guilty suffered bitterly for those who were. A nation left in a state of helplessness, disarmed by system, emasculated by act of a foreign parliament, could not help, at times, producing men who would resort to violence and bloodshed rather than submit forever to unnatural degradation. (Loud and continued applause.) They had in Holy Writ examples wherein the Most High sometimes withheld his curse from those who, driven to the desperate alternative of bloodshed or slavery, preferred, like Judith, to avenge rather than submit. (Applause.) And, while destructive violence could never be considered in any other light than as a last desperate resort by a people mocked, insulted and plundered beyond endurance, yet it was not for the heirs of such experiences at the hands of England to condemn too strongly those who fiercely answered the lash of tyranny with the lightnings of resentment. (Applause.) He (the speaker) and they all had hoped for a better state of things in these days, but when they looked across the deep and saw Mr. Gladstone in the British parliament trying to give Ireland as little as he could possibly offer (hear, hear), and the Tories striving their utmost to give her nothing at all, it made them almost despair of any decent and humane settlement of the Irish question; it made them doubt the expediency of moral force, and it made them feel less than ever like casting reproach upon those who saw only in sterner measures—however hateful they might appear to even sincere and devoted friends of Ireland—the real, practical solution of the ancient and terrible problem. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

He (the speaker) sincerely hoped that the less violent, the more humane, policy would prove sufficient; but the foreign rulers of Ireland, instructed by past bitter and bloody experience, should hesitate before they closed the doors of their parliament against all hope of even partial justice to the subject country; and thus unchained revolutionary forces that could not be controlled or restrained by those who honestly wished to avoid a policy of violent vindication of Irish rights, however great might be the provocation. (Hear, hear and applause.) It was not pleasant for even the most extreme among Irish Nationalists to contemplate the recurrence of deeds of violence such as had formerly made the whole world grow pale, and filled the jails and loaded the scaffolds of the unfortunate country with the victims produced by the headstrong tyranny, and unapproachable selfishness of successive English governments. (Applause.) Irish Nationalists of all shades of opinion, had made, during the last seven years, an honest effort to avoid such another calamity, and he hoped that, in the end, sober judgment, if not the higher motive of humanity, would teach England to be wise and moderate while there yet was time. (Applause.) Ireland had met the propositions of Mr. Gladstone more than half way. If his policy of reconciliation—half-hearted though it was—should prove a failure, England, not Ireland, would be responsible before mankind for any evil results that might follow. (Applause.)

The manly and moderate course pursued by the Irish people had attracted the sympathy of lovers of liberty in all countries, and nowhere more than in America and among native Americans of non-Celtic blood. The descendants of the heroes of Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Saratoga and New Orleans sympathized manfully with downtrodden Ireland and hoped for her deliverance. (Loud cheers.)

He wanted the young Irish-Americans—men and women—who heard him to cherish this truth: that their fathers' and mothers' country was not a land of which to be ashamed; that it was, in fact, the most beautiful island of all the seas—so beautiful that even those who held it captive were dazzled by its loveliness; that, comparing impartially the natural resources of the two countries, if England could maintain in comfort 30,000,000 of inhabitants, Ireland, left to herself, could support 20,000,000 in peace and plenty (loud applause)—the difference in their extent being only a little more than as three to two in favor of the larger country. Not to go too much into detail, Ireland raised, on an average, yearly, about 5,000,000 horned cattle—giving thus, if the people were allowed to consume what they produced, a cow and a fraction to every man, woman and child in the island. (Applause and laughter.) Then she raised half a million excellent horses—more than enough to mount the cavalry of all the warlike nations of the world. (Applause.) Hogs, sheep, poultry, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, fruit and fish were bountifully abundant, and yet, with all these advantages, Ireland was often famine stricken, because of the greed—the inappeasable greed—of the Englishman. (Great applause.) Daniel Curley, and others who suffered with him—some who suffered before them, too—were all victims of that greed, which produced lust of blood, because the person or the nation who injures is ever more intense in hatred—a peculiar contradiction of human nature—than the person or nation injured. Had Mr. Curley lived, he would have been able to furnish his wife and children with a home even more commodious than that with which their justice and generosity had provided them. If his spirit had cognizance of the deeds of men, it must rejoice with them that day.

The speaker then complimented Father O'Sullivan, and remarked that Mrs. Curley did them all honor in accepting from them a gift, which only gave feeble token of the estimation in which they held her.

At this point Father O'Sullivan handed Mr. Finerty a door key, ornamented with green and white ribbon. Mrs. Curley, who, with one of her sons, had taken a place on the platform, showed some emotion.

Mr. Finerty—What am I to do with this key? I wish it was the key to heaven. (Great laughter.)

Father O'Sullivan—Present it to Mrs. Curley in token that her home is secured to her. (Applause.)

Mr. Finerty—Mrs. Curley, I have great honor in presenting you with this key, at the request of our reverend friend. May it be a symbol of that key which will yet unlock the door of the English prison and allow captive Ireland to walk forth free, in the light and the glory of God's fair sun. (Prolonged applause.) And this, madame, will surely happen if only the five and twenty millions of the Irish race who exist to-day, in Ireland, in America, and throughout earth's boundaries, dare to live up to the sentiments of their sires, and in harmony with the principles of liberty. The cause that made you a widow, and your children orphans, will yet triumph over all obstacles, and, some day, you and yours may return, in joy and pride, to celebrate the political resurrection of your country, and to place the relics of him who died for it, which now rest in the unhallowed precincts of the prison yard, beside those of his fathers, in consecrated Irish ground. (Prolonged cheering.)

Mrs. Curley, with the blushes of womanly modesty on her fair face, returned thanks in a few low-voiced, but feeling and graceful words, as she accepted the key of her new home.

Eloquent and manly speeches were made by Mr. John F. Keating—a speaker of unusual force—and Mr. Lawrence Henely, State Delegate of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, who did a great deal toward helping along the Curley Fund. Both were greatly applauded.

On motion of Father O'Sullivan, which was seconded by Mr. H. P. Fleming, a unanimous vote of thanks was returned to THE CITIZEN for its services.

The proceedings terminated with the singing of "God Save Ireland," which was splendidly led by Mr. John Ahearn. Mr. Martin Mulcahy, Mr. P. O'Sullivan, of South Chicago, and other prominent Hibernians, who materially aided the Fund, were present during the exercises.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

Treasurer's Final Report.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to make following final report of the receipts and expenditures:

RECEIPTS.

Previously acknowledged	$1,636 70
A friend of the Irish cause	300 00
Total	1,936 70
Unpaid subscriptions	86 00
Net cash received	1,940 70

EXPENDITURES.

Paid for house	$1,850.00
Printing circulars, etc	25.50
Postage and stationery	13.15
Repairing house, barn, etc	54.60
Painting, papering, calcimining	75.15
Total	2,020.40
Balance	979 70

Guaranteed by Cook County Board, A.O.H.

M. O'SULLIVAN,
Thirty-seventh street and Union-av.

A PRIEST'S HEROIC DEATH.

Heroic bravery cost the life of the Rev. Charles M. McKenna, a young priest attached to the Roman Catholic Church of St. Ann in Twelfth street, last Thursday week. Fourteen years ago, Father McKenna, then a boy of 12, at Manhattan college, saved from death by fire his little brother and sister imprisoned in a burning room. A week ago Thursday he tried to save from death by drowning, Mrs. Margaret Burchell, and with her was swept away by the flood tide.

For some years Hugh McKenna, a currier, father of the priest, has lived at One Hundred and Seventieth street and the Boulevard, within easy reach of the North river. Father McKenna had always been fond of athletic exercise, and, in conjunction with an elder brother, bought a handsome two-oared boat, which was moored at a pier near his father's home.

Mrs. Burchell, 22 years old, was first cousin to Father McKenna, and only a few days ago left her home at Homestead, Penn., on a visit to her uncle Hugh. She had been only two months married. In the few days which she had spent at her uncle's home, she had several times accompanied Father McKenna in rowing excursions, and on Thursday week they ventured out once more. They returned to the dock at 101st street about 5 p. m., and as the boat touched the pier, Mrs. Burchell stood up, and crossing over Father McKenna, who still sat with the oars in his hands, put her foot on the float. Then she turned suddenly to pick up a glove she dropped, and scrambled back into the boat. The heel of her boot caught one of the seats, and with a cry she fell into the water. The next instant she was twenty feet away, swept down by the powerful under-current, her cries growing fainter and fainter, as she drifted along. The young priest at once dived into the water to the rescue of the woman. Some men on the bank saw his form working nearer and nearer to her. They saw his arm stretched out to grasp her; they saw her wild, convulsive grasp at his collar, as the two met. The tide whirled them along as they struggled for life in the water—the man trying to free himself from the clutch that was dragging him down, the woman madly buffeting his face with her hands, and then the two bodies sunk from sight. The men on the bank and at the boat-house apparently had been stricken helpless with fear, as they made no effort to save the man and woman until after the bodies had sunk. Father McKenna was born in Scotland and was brought up in New York city. His father lived in an old house in Madison street. On the morning of Jan. 4, 1881, a can of gasoline exploded in the rooms occupied by the McKenna family, and the hallway and rear apartments were filled with smoke and flame. Father McKenna rushed into the burning room, where his little brother and sister lay crouching in a corner paralyzed with fright, and seizing the girl, put her through the window on the fire-escape. Then, taking the boy in his arms, he carried him down the stairs. For this act he received a gold medal from the Fire department.

Father McKenna was 26 years old. After leaving Manhattan college he went through a course at the seminary at Troy, being ordained as a priest in June, last year. After his ordination he became assistant to Father Creedon in St. Augustine's church, Sing Sing, and remained there until last September, when he received his appointment at St. Ann's.—*Irish-American.*

"Is this hot enough for you?" is a silly question; but if you meet a man who complains of suffering from the heat, ten to one you will find, on inquiry, that he does not use Ayer's Sarsaparilla to tone up his system and free his blood from irritating humors.

DIED FOR IRELAND.

Full Text of the Noble Speech Delivered by Theobald Wolfe Tone, Founder of the United Irishmen, When Sentenced to Death in 1798.

He Aimed at the Separation of Ireland From England by Open Warfare, and Sought for Aid Wherever He Could Find It.

A Speech That Should be Preserved in Letters of Gold.

[From the "Life of Wolfe Tone," by His Son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone. Washington, D.C., 1826, Vol. II, pages 326 to 332 inclusive.]

From Letterkenny he (T. W. Tone) was hurried to Dublin without delay. In the same magazine I find that, contrary to usual custom, he was conveyed during the whole route, fettered and on horseback, under an escort of dragoons. Of this further indignity I had never heard before. During this journey the unruffled serenity of his countenance, amidst the rude soldiery, and under the awe struck gaze of his countrymen, excited universal admiration. Recognizing in a group of females which thronged the windows a young lady of his acquaintance: "There," said he, "is my old friend Miss Beresford; how well she looks." On his arrival he was immured in the provost's prison in the barracks of Dublin, under the charge of the notorious Major Sandys, a man whose insolence, rapacity and cruelty will long be remembered in that city, where, a worthy instrument of the faction which then ruled it, he enjoyed, under their patronage, a despotic authority within its precincts. (*See Curran's, Hervey versus Major Sirr.*)

Though the reign of terror was drawing to a close, and Lord Cornwallis had restored some appearance of legal order and regular administration in the kingdom, a prisoner of such importance to the Irish Protestant ascendency party as the founder and leader of the United Irish Society, and the most formidable of their adversaries, was not to be trusted to the delays and common forms of law. Though the Court of King's Bench was then sitting, preparations were instantly made for trying him summarily before a court martial. But before I give an account of this trial, and the nature of his defense, it will be necessary to remove some erroneous impressions on these subjects which I have seen stated, both in Curran's Life, by his son, and in the very fair and liberal comments of the London *New Monthly Magazine*. A prevailing notion in both these works is that, from my father's early dislike to legal studies, and inaccurate acquaintance with the English laws, he considered his French commission as a protection, and pleaded it in his defense. It is impossible to read his speech at the trial and preserve this idea. Though he used to laugh at his little proficiency in legal lore, he knew perfectly well that the course he had deliberately taken subjected him to the utmost severity of the British laws. Nor was he ignorant that, by the custom of the land, and the very tenor of those laws, his trial, as it was conducted, was informal. He never was legally condemned: for, though a subject of the crown (not of Britain, but of Ireland), he was not a military man in that kingdom; he had taken no military oath, and, of course, the court martial which tried him had no power to pronounce on his case, which belonged to the regular criminal tribunals. But his heart was sunk in despair at the total failure of his hopes, and he did not wish to survive them. To die with honor was his only wish, and his only request to be shot like a soldier. For this purpose he preferred himself to be tried by a court martial, and proffered his French commission, not to defend his life, but as a proof of his rank, as he stated himself on the trial.

If further proof was required that my father was perfectly aware of his fate, according to the English law, his own journals, written during the Bantry Bay expedition, afford an incontestable one. (*See Journal of Dec. 26, 1796.*) "If we are taken, my fate will not be a mild one; the best I can expect is to be shot as an *emigre rentre*, unless I have the good fortune to be killed in the action; for, most assuredly, if the enemy will have us, he must fight for us. Perhaps I may be reserved for a trial, for the sake of striking terror into others, in which case I shall be hanged as a traitor, and embowelled, etc. As to the embowelling, '*Je m'en fiche.*' If ever they hang me, they are welcome to embowel me if they please. These are pleasant prospects! Nothing on earth could sustain me now but the consciousness that I am engaged in a just and righteous cause."

But my father also knew that political considerations will often supersede the letter of the laws. The only chance on which he had formerly relied was, that the French government would interfere, and claim him with all its power and credit; to that, and to threats of severe retaliation, he knew that the British cabinet would yield, as they did about a year afterwards in the case of Napper Tandy. A curious fact, and which is not generally known, perhaps, even to that gallant soldier himself, is, that Sir Sidney Smith was detained by Carnot in the Temple, for that very purpose, like a prisoner of state, rather than a prisoner of war.

The time of my father's trial was deferred a few days by the officers appointed to sit on the court martial receiving marching orders. At length, on Saturday, 10th November, 1798, a new court was assembled, consisting of General Loftus, who performed the functions of president, Colonels Vandeleur, Daly and Wolfe, Major Armstrong and a Captain Curran; Mr. Paterson performed the functions of judge advocate.

At an early hour the neighborhood of the barracks was crowded with eager and anxious spectators. As soon as the doors were thrown open they rushed in and filled every corner of the hall.

Tone appeared in the uniform of a Chef de Brigade (Colonel). The firmness and cool serenity of his whole deportment gave to the awe-struck assembly the measure of his soul. Nor could his bitterest enemies, whatever they deemed of his political principles, and of the necessity of striking a great example, deny him the praise of determination and magnanimity.

The members of the court having taken the usual oath; the judge advocate proceeded to inform the prisoner that the court martial before whom he stood was appointed by the lord lieutenant of the kingdom to try whether he had or had not acted traitorously and hostilely against his majesty, to whom, as a natural born subject, he owed all allegiance from the very fact of his birth in that kingdom. And, according to the usual form, he called upon him to plead guilty or not guilty.

WOLFE TONE'S LAST SPEECH.

Tone—"I mean not to give the court any useless trouble, and wish to spare them the idle task of examining witnesses. I admit all the facts alleged, and only request leave to read an address which I have prepared for the occasion."

Col. Daly—"I must warn the prisoner that, in acknowledging these facts, he admits, to his prejudice, that he has acted traitorously against his majesty. Is such his intention?"

Tone—"Stripping this charge of the technicality of its terms, it means, I presume, by the word 'traitorously,' that I have been found in arms against the soldiers of the king, in my native country. I admit this accusation in its most extended sense, and request again to explain to the court the reasons and motives of my conduct."

The court then observed that they would hear his address, provided he confined himself within the bounds of moderation. He rose and began in these words:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Court Martial: I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judical proof to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the government of his Britannic majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that, whilst it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence I determined to apply all the powers which my individual efforts could move in order to separate the two countries.

"That Ireland was not able of herself to throw off the yoke I knew. I therefore sought for aid wherever it was to be found. In honorable poverty I rejected offers which, to an man in my circumstances, might be considered highly advantageous. I remained faithful to what I thought the cause of my country, and sought in the French Republic an ally to rescue three millions of my countrymen from" * * * *

The president here interrupted the prisoner, observing that this language was neither relevant to the charge, nor such as ought to be delivered in a public court. One member said it seemed calculated only to inflame the minds of a certain description of people (the United Irishmen), many of whom might probably be present; and that, therefore, the court ought not to suffer it. The judge advocate said he thought that if Mr. Tone meant this paper to be laid before his excellency in way of extenuation, it must have a quite contrary effect, if any of the foregoing part was suffered to remain.

Tone—"I shall urge this topic no further, since it seems disagreeable to the court, but shall proceed to read the few words which remain."

Gen. Loftus—"If the remainder of your address, Mr. Tone, is of the same complexion with what you have already read, will you not hesitate for a moment in proceeding, since you have learned the opinion of the court?"

Tone—"I believe there is nothing in what remains for me to say which can give any offense. I mean to express my feelings and gratitude towards the Catholic body in whose cause I was engaged."

Gen. Loftus—"That seems to have nothing to say to the charge against you, to which only you are to speak. If you have anything to offer in defense or extenuation of that charge, the court will hear you; but we beg that you will confine yourself to that subject."

Tone—"I shall then confine myself to some points relative to my connection with the French army. Attached to no party in the French Republic, without interest, without money, without intrigue, the openness and integrity of my views raised me to a high and confidential rank in its armies. I obtained the confidence of the executive directory, the approbation of my generals, and, I venture to add, the esteem and affection of my brave comrades. When I view these circumstances, I feel a secret and internal consolation, which no reverse of fortune, no sentence in the power of this court to inflict, can ever deprive me of or weaken in any degree. Under the flag of the French Republic I originally engaged, with a view to save and liberate my own country. For that purpose I have encountered the chances of war amongst strangers. For that purpose I have repeatedly braved the terrors of the ocean, covered, as I knew it to be, with the triumphant fleets of that Power which it was my glory and my duty to oppose. I have sacrificed all my views in life; I have courted poverty; I have left a beloved wife unprotected, and children whom I adored, fatherless. After such sacrifices in a cause which I have always conscientiously considered as the cause of justice and freedom—it is no great effort, at this day, to add, the sacrifice of my life.'

"But I hear it said that this unfortunate country has been the prey to all sorts of horrors. I sincerely lament it. I beg, however, it may be remembered that I have been absent four years from Ireland. To me these sufferings can never be attributed. I designed, by fair and open war, to procure the separation of the two countries. For open war I was prepared; but if, instead of that, a system of private assassination has taken place, I repeat, whilst I deplore it, that it is not chargeable on me. Atrocities, it seems, have been committed on both sides. I do not the less deplore them; I detest them from my heart: and to those who know my character and sentiments I may safely appeal for the truth of this assertion. With them I need no justification.

"In a cause like this, success is everything. Success in the eyes of the vulgar fixes its merits. Washinston succeeded, and Kosciusko failed.

"After a combat nobly sustained, a combat which would have excited the respect and sympathy of a generous enemy, my fate was to become a prisoner. To the eternal disgrace of those who gave the order, I was brought hither in irons, like a felon. I mention this for the sake of others; for me, I am indifferent to it; I am aware of the fate which awaits me, and scorn equally the tone of complaint and that of supplication.

"As to the connection between this country and Great Britain, I repeat it, all that has been imputed to me, words, writings and actions, I here deliberately avow. I have spoken and acted with reflection and upon principle, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever the sentence of this court, I am prepared for it. Its members will surely discharge their duty; I shall take care not to be wanting in mine."

This speech was pronounced in a tone so magnanimous, so full of a noble and calm serenity, as seemed deeply and visibly to affect all its hearers, the members of the court not excepted. A pause ensued of some continuance, and silence reigned in the hall, till interrupted by Tone himself, who inquired whether it was not usual to assign an interval between the sentence and execution. The judge advocate answered that the voices of the court would be collected without delay, and the result transmitted forthwith to the lord lieutenant. If the prisoner, therefore, had any further observations to make, now was the moment.

Tone—"I wish to offer a few words, relative to one single point—to the mode of punishment. In France, our *Emigres*, who stand nearly in the same situation, in which, I suppose, I now stand before you, are condemned to be shot. I ask that the court should adjudge me the death of a soldier, and let me be shot by a platoon of grenadiers. I request this indulgence, rather in consideration of the uniform which I wear, the uniform of a chef de brigade in the French army, than from any personal regard to myself. In order to evince my claim to this favor, I beg that the court may take the trouble to peruse my commission and letters of service in the French army. It will appear from these papers, that I have not received them as a mask to cover me, but that I have been long and bonafide an officer in the French service."

Judge Advocate—"You must feel that the papers you allude to will serve as undeniable proofs against you."

Tone—"Oh!—*I know it well*—I have already admitted the facts, and I now admit the papers as full proofs of conviction."

The papers were then examined: they consisted of a brevet of chef de brigade, from the Directory, signed by the minister of war, of a letter of service, granting to him the rank of adjutant general, and of a passport.

Gen. Loftus—"In those papers you are designated as serving in the army of England."

Tone—"I did serve in that army, when it was commanded by Bonaparte, by Desaix, and by Kilmaine, who is, as I am, an Irishman. But I have also served elsewhere." Requested if he had anything further to observe: he said that nothing more occurred to him, except that the sooner his Excellency's approbation of their sentence was obtained, the better. He would consider it as a favor, if it could be obtained in an hour.

Gen. Loftus then observed that the court would, undoubtedly, submit to the lord lieutenant, the address which he had read to them, and, also, subject of his last demand. In transmitting the address, he, however, took care to efface all that part of it, which he would not allow to be read: and which contained the dying speech and last words of the first apostle of Irish union and martyr of Irish liberty, to his countrymen. Lord Cornwallis refused the last demand of my father, and he was sentenced to die the death of a traitor, in forty-eight hours, the 12th of November, 1798. This cruelty he had forseen: for England, from the days of Lewellyn of Wales, and Wallace of Scotland, to those of Tone and Napoleon, has never shown mercy or generosity to a fallen enemy. He then, in perfect coolness and self-possession, determined to execute his purpose, and anticipate their sentence.

[Continued Next Week.]

VISITORS to the famous watering place, Kilkee, county Clare, Ireland, will find the best accommodations at Mrs. Kelly's, 1 and 2 Bellow View.

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, JULY 1, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. L. S. Willard.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—James J. Corbett.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Cracker Jacks."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

NO "ESTABLISHED" CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The American daily papers have been singularly silent regarding the Irish Home Rule bill of late, and their news columns have given the matter scant mention. Nevertheless, the tedious committee fight proceeds in dull fashion in the English house of commons, and a number of amendments, most of them silly or vicious, are being daily put forward by the Tory-Union faction. One of them, looking to the prevention of the teaching of the Irish language in public schools, was negatived without a division. On the 13th instant there was a debate on the amendment in regard to an established religion in Ireland which called forth the following remarks:

"Mr. Gladstone opposed the amendment, although he should not fear to entrust the Irish legislature with the power which it proposed to confer upon them—not, indeed, that he desired to see the foundation of a religious establishment in Ireland—he thought the day for founding religious establishments was passed. He did not, however, believe that there was the smallest desire on the part of the Irish members to take active measures for the establishment of their church (cheers from the Irish members). Those members had fully assented to this restriction, which it was thought well to insert in the bill merely for the purpose of disarming the apprehensions and the jealousies of those who thought that, as the great majority of the Irish people were deeply attached to their faith, they might be inclined to establish their own faith.

"Mr. Jesse Collings said that although the power to establish their own church might now be surrendered by the Irish members, it would be demanded at some future time. The provision in the bill was a mere paper security against the eventual establishment and endowment of the Roman Catholic church.

"Mr. T. Harrington said that there was not the slightest probability of any demand being at any time made for the establishment or endowment of the Roman Catholic church in Ireland. There was no such desire. If the bill had given the Irish legislature power to found an establishment the Irish members would have done their best to secure the omission of any such provision.

"Mr. Bartley said that as the Irish members did not appear desirous that the Irish legislature should possess this power, he would assent to the amendment being negatived."

THE CITIZEN believes that the very name of an "established church" is odious to all Catholic Irishmen. Such an establishment in the name of the Catholic religion would be about the most effective measure that could be adopted to wean the majority of the Irish people from their ancient faith. Christ himself established the Catholic church and it needs no other establishment. No self-respecting Irish Catholic would, or could, venerate a priest paid by the government, unless he was acting in the capacity of a military or official chaplain. Those two wily Whig rascals, Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, seemed to favor at one time the payment by government of the Irish clergy, but there arose such a howl of indignation from the Irish leaders and people that the base project was abandoned. O'Connell, with all his faults, denounced the scheme, as he did the other English plot of crown veto on Catholic bishops, with all the strength of his marvellous eloquence. An Irish Catholic "Established" Church would be an abomination in the sight of God and man.

IRELAND WANTS THE PIATTS.

Gen. Piatt, American Consul at Dublin, an Illinois man into the bargain, has evidently captured the Irish people, being nobly aided in that direction by his benevolent and gifted wife. Gen. Piatt is going to be relieved from duty to make room for a Cleveland appointee, and all Ireland is deeply grieved at the approaching separation. The Piatts do not love the Irish more than the Irish love the Piatts, and Mr. Cleveland is a very unpopular man in the green island at present. *United Ireland* of June 12 has the following in reference to the matter:

"It will be fresh in many people's memories that when, last winter, Mr. Reed resigned the American Consulate in Dublin, Mr. Piatt, who had held a similar position at Queenstown for many years, was appointed to the Metropolitan city. It was an appointment admirably popular with the people at large, and especially grateful to the more intimate circle that knew Mr. Piatt personally, or appreciated the very valuable contributions to literature of the new consul and his gifted wife. The Piatts had been in Queenstown for a decade of years. Coming there with poetic sensibilities of the finest order, the storied and beautiful country, and the people with whom the consular office brought Mr. Piatt closely in touch, keenly affected the literary bent of both husband and wife. That corner of Cork is sown thick with legends, and is rich in associations with old heroism and old glories. It is safe to say that these appealed far more to the strangers than to the people sprung from that soil of heroes and martyrs. * * * * The Piatts have written their names deep on the social and literary life of our country. It is to be hoped that some steps will be taken to keep them with us. America has honored herself by sending some of her most famous literary men to represent her in European capitals. Mr. Piatt is the first of such distinction to be sent to Ireland. We assure President Cleveland that we highly value his presence and Mrs. Piatt's amongst us, and that we should much esteem the concession by which Mr. Piatt's services should be retained to us and to the United States. We trust that a memorial such as Mr. Parnell signed in '84 may be presented and forwarded to Washington, and that though it be, alas, without the overwhelmingly powerful effect of his name and his personality, it will yet meet with a like success."

HEROIC POLICEMEN.

THE CITIZEN has pleasure in recording this week the heroic actions of three Irish-American police officers of this city—Officers Tyrrell and Shaughnessy, of the Maxwell Street Station, who captured the young desperado, John McGrath, after a desperate fight, in which Tyrrell was severely wounded; and Officer J. J. Farrell, of the Hyde Park Station, who rescued three drowning men half a mile out in the lake by rowing out alone to their assistance.

APPEAL TO IRISH-AMERICANS.

Messrs. John E. Redmond, Timothy Harrington and Joseph E. Kenny, for the Independent wing of the Irish Parliamentary party, have cabled a manifesto to this country setting forth their views on the existing crisis, and calling for financial aid. THE CITIZEN considers it only fair to the gentlemen mentioned to publish their document, which contains some pregnant truths, intermingled with some bitter comments, but we warn them that very little heed will be paid to it in America, because the Irish residents of this republic are heartily sick of faction and cannot possibly be brought to tolerate it in any form. Following is the full text of the manifesto:

TO THE IRISH PEOPLE IN AMERICA: Relying upon your devotion to Ireland, and mindful of the generous part you have taken in building up and maintaining the struggle for nationality under the leadership of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, we venture to address you at this moment of extreme peril to our country's cause, and in the face of a danger during which it would be a betrayal of the trust imposed on us to refrain from communicating with you in regard to the loyal feeling and brotherhood among the good men of our race in America.

Respect for the national character has hitherto prevented an attempt on our part to involve you in the unhappy controversy and unpleasant strife that the desertion and betrayal of Mr. Parnell have given rise to. We feel that the time has come to place the facts before you and to enlist your sympathy in our endeavor to save from shipwreck the movement on which the future of our common country and the hopes of her children largely depend. The surrender of Mr. Parnell in obedience to English dictation by the men who only the day before had vowed to uphold him against the world was the abandonment of the sacred principle of parliamentary agitation, which was making the Irish cause to be respected throughout the world—the principle of absolute independence of all English parties. That has been followed by a warfare in Ireland, cruel and relentless, against everybody refusing to participate in the betrayal or to surrender the right of independent judgment on Irish politics, backed by the wealth and influence of a great English party interested in the issue and aided by the intolerance and political short-sightedness of the vast body of the Irish clergy, who in nearly all periods of our history have favored the wasting of the energies of our people in a stupid attachment to an English faction.

You will readily understand how the Irish Whigs succeeded in driving from parliamentary life at the last election sterling representatives whose names were familiar through all the years of our struggle, who had borne their part in every endeavor to secure Irish liberty, and whose offense consisted of a steadfast adherence to the principle of loyalty to the leader who had served Ireland well and faithfully. Their places in the Nationalist ranks were filled with men of no training or experience and who mostly had never contributed a day's service to the national movement, their sole qualification having been ready obedience to every order of an English minister and the security that they cannot and will not bring independent judgment to bear on any concession that Ireland is offered. Had we been enabled at the general election to return twenty members of the house of commons, who would have stood independent of both the English parties, and who would have judged proposals of policy each by the amount of good which it promised, Ireland's thousands of evicted tenants, for whom nothing has been done, would have been restored to their homes, political prisoners, who have amply expiated any offense of which they may have been guilty, would have been set at liberty, and the Home Rule bill, which is now being discussed in the house of commons, would have been a different measure from what the present bill is likely to be. We observe with pain that even in your ranks English influence has asserted its sway, and that Irish-Americans who formerly prided themselves on their nationality now deem it the better fashion to do humble duty as an Irish tail of the English party. They are donating funds to help the reactionaries in Ireland, and have endeavored to do them service by spreading calumnies regarding us in America. Two statements it is our duty to notice: 1. That we are opposed to the principles of the Home Rule bill. 2. That the American fund was intended for the use of both sections of the Irish representatives. These statements do not contain a particle of truth. So far from sharing in the funds raised by the National Federation, they have been employed in forcing us to expensive contests, and when, asserting the right of a free election, we petitioned against the seating of Michael Davitt and Patrick Fullam, both became bankrupts in order to deprive us of the costs awarded by the court.

Our attitude on the bill introduced by the Liberals, so far as it fell short of national requirements, has been one of constant vigilance to amend its provisions and extend its scope. Our opponents have been silent while restriction after restriction has been grafted on the bill. Our endeavors to secure the name of parliament and to the lower chamber the title house of commons, was supported by many English radicals, while the Irish representatives defeated them by going over in a body to the government and the Tories.

Now the climax has come. The prime minister has announced to the house of commons that he intends to withhold from Ireland for six years after the passage of the bill the power of imposing, controlling or interfering with her own taxes. They are to be regulated by imperial authority. Ireland is to be compelled to contribute one-third of her whole revenue toward imperial charges, in addition to possible war taxes. The announcement of this proposal caused the house of commons to stand aghast. It was received without a protest by the men who sacrificed Mr. Parnell for an English alliance. It was left to us to protest in the name of the Irish people against a proposal involving national humiliation, and calculated to reduce the Irish legislature to impotence and bankruptcy.

These facts make it clear that if the Home Rule bill is carried it must be rendered worthy of acceptance by the Irish, and that the fight for nationality both of Ireland and her parliament must be maintained with vigor. We commit to you the solemn duty of donating your share to the work in which we are engaged. We appeal to you in a great crisis that is more dangerous than any that has heretofore threatened the national life of Ireland within our memory. The resources of our people at home, and their position to make a stand for freedom of political thought and action are severely taxed. The combined forces against which we are compelled to struggle are ever potent to delay the dawn of freedom. Whether they may not succeed to-day as in the past depends in no small measure upon your exertions, and the aid you may be able to offer us in maintaining the struggle.

(Signed in behalf of the Independents.)
JOHN E. REDMOND,
TIMOTHY HARRINGTON,
JOSEPH E. KENNY.

LONDON, June 20, 1893.

WHAT WOULD FOLLOW DEFEAT OF HOME RULE?

These be times that try not alone the souls but the patience of Irishmen. Statesman Gladstone, appalled, no doubt, by the exceeding ruffianism of the Tories, has begun to waver, as has been his habit throughout a long career, and the Home Rule bill seems to be in some sort of jeopardy. We don't like the bill in its present shape, but we want to see the *principle* of Irish self-government established by its passage. We, personally, abhor the English connection with Ireland, in any form it may assume, but we don't want the Home Rule bill defeated for the following reasons:

1. Its defeat in the house of commons would be a setback to the Irish cause, not alone in Great Britain and Ireland, but throughout the world.

2. Ireland cannot be worse off under even a defective Home Rule bill than she is at present.

3. A conflict between the Irish legislature and the British parliament would have a happy effect, because it would expose the shameful rapacity of England in regard to Irish trade, commerce, industries and navigation.

4. We would not like to see the bill fail utterly, because we fear certain of our countrymen might resort to unpleasant methods of reminding England and the outer world that the resources of revolution are not entirely dissipated. We fear there would be violence and counter violence, and that, once again, blood would flow freely between the two long opposed races, not in regular battle, perhaps, but in a conflict the contemplation of which might make humanity shudder.

England cannot, in view of all that has happened since 1867, doubt that there are among the Irish patriots men more utterly fearless than even the Russian nihilists. The hope of the obtainment of Home Rule has kept these men comparatively quiet since 1886, but no power on earth can keep them from wreaking vengeance, in some shape, if the cause of their country is again betrayed by English politicians.

THE CITIZEN is free to say that it would not like to see chaos re-established in Anglo-Irish affairs. It dislikes violence, when it can be avoided, and, should there be another outbreak, only England herself will be to blame. These are our reasons for hoping that the Home Rule bill may not fail in the house of commons. As for the Lords, their opposition is expected, and their rejection of the bill would be regarded as only a temporary defeat.

DEBATE TO END JULY 31.

Mr. Gladstone has definitely announced in the house of commons that the debate on the Home Rule bill in committee must terminate on July 31, after which it will be put on its third reading and final passage, so far as the house of commons is concerned. The announcement was received with enthusiastic cheers by the Irish Nationalists and the English Radicals. The forty sections will be "closured" in four batches. When Balfour asked for a precedent in the case, Gladstone reminded him of how the Tory government had rushed through the Crimes (Ireland) bill in 1887.

DR. M'GLYNN AND THE POPE.

Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, of New York, has just returned to that city from Rome, where he had an audience with the Pope. Reporters who called upon the doctor found him reticent, but one of his close friends said that "Archbishop Satolli restored to Dr. McGlynn the facilities he was deprived of by reason of his excommunication. One degree of his penance was that he should go to Rome. Archbishop Satolli was aware of Dr. McGlynn's journey. Dr. McGlynn was received very kindly. There were no difficulties or differences between him and the Pope. Past dissensions and discord are buried. Dr. McGlynn will soon get a parish. There is a strong conviction among those who should know that he will be restored to his place as pastor of St. Stephen's. He will be absent from New York only a short time. When he returns he will receive that which is allotted to him."

CONAN DOYLE.

Some time ago Mr. Conan Doyle, the novelist—who is by blood a Celtic Irishman—was brought to book by THE CITIZEN and ourselves for referring to the people of America as "the Anglo-Saxon race." It is satisfactory to find that Mr. Doyle has profited by the rebuke. In a letter the other day to the *Daily Chronicle* he amended the phrase to "Anglo-Celtic," and applied it, not only to America, but to Great Britain and Ireland also. The "Anglo-Saxon" myth is doomed, if we only persist in our crusade against it.—*United Ireland, June 10.*

M. V. GANNON HONORED.

At a great reception given by the Horace Boies club at Davenport, Ia., on Thursday evening of last week, the Hon. M. V. Gannon, of Omaha, Neb., formerly of Iowa, was signally honored, and the following resolution in his regard was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the Horace Boies club of Davenport, Iowa, takes pleasure in expressing its confidence in our former fellow citizen, Hon. M. V. Gannon, personally as well as politically, and condemn as cowardly and wholly wanting in truth any insinuation from any quarter that he does not enjoy the confidence, respect and esteem of the people in his old home, and we recommend him unqualifiedly to the confidence of the nation."

GOVERNOR ALTGELD, who pardoned the imprisoned anarchists, Fielden, Schwab and Neebe, on Tuesday, and who accompanied the official act with a pronunciamento in which the conduct of the courts, jury and witnesses was fiercely criticised, is now the centre of a large and ever-extending circle of able editors who are pelting him with their ink pots. The Governor knows by this time what it means to sow the wind.

PERSONAL.

Capt. F. D. Garrety, U. S. A., retired, spent last week in this city, "doing" the Fair, with which he was greatly pleased. The gallant veteran has countless friends in Chicago, and many of these made it a point to meet him and talk over old times. His retirement occurred last February, after two and thirty years of constant service in the war of the Rebellion and on the Indian frontier. He served, for the most part, with the gallant Seventeenth United States Infantry. Capt. Garrety is one of the few officers who received from the war department more than one term of recruiting service. He had two terms, and this speaks volumes for his record as a soldier. His wife and three of his children reside in St. Paul, Minn., but he has not yet fully made up his mind as to his place of permanent abode, being divided in his inclinations between Chicago and New York. Although 64 years of age, the hardy veteran looks like a vigorous man of 50, erect, springy and athletic. He left Chicago on Sunday afternoon for Providence, R. I., where he will remain for several weeks.

Are You Nervous.

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which gives nerve and bodily strength.

Hood's Pills are easy in action.

FOR AUGUST 15TH.

Executive Committee to Attend to the Details of the Annual Demonstration at Ogden Grove Appointed by the President.

The Committee Will Meet at McCoy's Hotel This (Saturday) Evening, July 1.

The following named gentlemen have been appointed an Executive Committee—with power to add to their number—to take charge of the preparations for the annual demonstration of the United Irish Societies at Ogden Grove, on Tuesday, Aug. 15, 1893; and they will assemble at the club room of McCoy's Hotel, Clark and VanBuren streets, at 8 o'clock, Saturday evening, July 1:

John J. Mahoney,	Maj. L. R. Buckley,
Arthur McKeon,	Thomas F. Keeley,
James O'Brien,	Ald. Thos. Gallagher
Hugh K. Jordan,	Timothy E. Ryan,
James A. O'Connell,	Timothy Cullinane,
J. J. Brennan,	Daniel Coughlan,
John Dowling,	Jeremiah Moynahan
Maurice Moore,	Ald. W. F. Mahoney,
John F. Keating,	Martin Mulcahy,
P. B. Flanagan,	Michael Waldron,
P. J. O'Brien,	William Houlahan,
Patrick Finigan,	Charles Canty,
James Garland,	John P. McGoarty,
John Finan,	Robert Mulcahy,
William Cunnea,	James T. Clarke,
Frank Conroy,	Cornelius Hallihan,
Roger Mulcahy,	Daniel F. O'Connor,
Michael Fitzgerald,	Thomas J. Lee,
Andrew Crowe,	John M'Caffrey,
William Madden,	(52 Dawson st.)
Patrick Morris,	Patrick Golden,
John Hickey,	Miles Kehoe,
Martin E. Canty,	W. H. Joyce,
Edward O'Byrne,	Joseph P. Mahoney,
M. S. Hyland,	James Donahoe,
Michael MGuire,	Thomas Fitzgerald,
James McLennon,	William Fortune,
James Tracy,	John Riordan,
William Hanlon,	D. P. Russell, M.D.,
Thomas Kaniffe,	Prof. J. M'Carthy,
P. F. Ryan,	John T. Hawkins,
Thomas Bolam,	James C. Strain,
John Long,	Thos. J. Mulrooney,
M. J. Kelly,	A. J. Ford,
M. P. Brady,	M. J. Keane,
Francis Agnew,	F. D. Kinsella,
James O'Toole,	P. Gibbons,
John McCaffrey,	Walter J. Gibbons,
(North Side);	James Lyman,
John F. O'Malley,	John T. Gibbons,
Walter Carmody,	James J. Linehan,
Morgan A. Collins,	Alex. McDonald,
James O'Malley,	J. J. McArdle,
John E. Long,	Peter Kelly,
Lawrence King,	Daniel Corkery,
Patrick O'Brien,	John J. O'Connell,
Thomas Mulcahy,	William Gavin,
P. V. Fitzpatrick,	Michael Kennedy,
Martin Garrity,	Mich'l M'Donough,
John McGovern,	M. W. Williams,
William McCoy,	C. J. McCarthy,
J. W. Stanton,	William Carroll,
John Kane,	Lawrence Henely,
T. F. McCarthy,	P. F. Conway,
Francis T. Colby,	John P. Dougherty,
Michael Moran,	Michael M'Inerney,
J. W. McCarthy,	Thos. L. Hartigan,
John McNulty,	Roger C. Sullivan,
E. S. Cummings,	Andrew F. Crane,
Robert Monahan,	Andrew G. Duggan,
Thomas Shannon,	James Sullivan,
James H. Lynch,	John F. Healy,
James Bradley,	Thos. O'Neill Jones
John Beegan,	Harry P. Fleming,
Thos. McDermott,	John Powers,
Thomas Murphy,	Thos. H. Cannon,
W. H. Lyman,	John McEniff,
Patrick C. Finerty,	Edward Murphy,
James Doran,	Daniel Deasy,
Maurice Coffee,	Patrick Scott,
Peter Doyle,	Patrick Loftus,
Frank J. Ryan,	Thos. A. Beckett,
Edward Cosgrove,	Bernard Quinn,
Edward Ring,	James Maher,
Thomas Ahearn,	M. J. McManus,
P. J. McMahon,	James McLaughlin,
Thomas Reynolds,	Michael Creighton,
P. O'Sullivan,	Owen Ahern,
Michael McQuade,	P. J. Walsh,
John B. Gibbons,	Bernard Flanagan,
John Nugent,	John Gibbons,
Terence M'Govern,	Patrick Healy,
Patrick Closby,	Thos. P. Murphy.

The attendance of all the foregoing members of the Executive Committee of the United Irish Societies is urgently requested at the club rooms of McCoy's Hotel, this (Saturday) evening, July 1, as previously announced.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
Prest. United Irish Societies.
DANIEL F. O'CONNOR, Vice Prest.
WILLIAM GAVIN, Treas.
T. F. MCCARTHY, Rec. Sec.
JOHN DOWLING, Cor. Sec.

HYMENIAL.

LOCKER—TOPPAN.

Miss Carrie Louise Toppan and Mr. George T. Locker were married Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Toppan, 3560 Grand boulevard, by Bishop Cheney. The decorations were palms and pinks and white roses. The bay window of the drawing-room, where the bridal party stood during the services, was massed with palms and flowers. The bride wore a gown of ivory white satin en train and decollete, with duchesse lace trimmings, and carried lilies of the valley. She was attended by her sister, Miss Fannie Toppan, as maid of honor, attired in white satin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. She carried white roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Susan Coffin and Miss Carrie Louise Taylor, each gowned in pink satin, with brocaded satin sleeves. They carried pink roses. Mrs. Toppan, mother of the bride, was attired in a costume of pale gray brocaded satin. Little Fayette Toppan, niece of the bride, officiated as flower bearer. Harry Locker was groomsman. The ushers were Samuel Avery and David Coffin. After the wedding a reception, which was attended by hundreds of the friends of the contracting parties, was held from 8 to 10 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Locker departed on a late train for a wedding tour. They will be at home July 19 and 27 at 3536 Grand boulevard.

THE "IRISH VILLAGES" AT CHICAGO

[*United Ireland, June 10.*]

We have never known the Dublin papers to show such lack of enterprise as has characterized their action over the Chicago World's Fair. Not one of them sent a representative to an exhibition of the greatest interest to Irish readers, and at which there are two "Irish Villages." They depend entirely upon the American papers which come to Ireland. It is very regrettable, for there is something wrong in the Irish villages at Chicago. We refer our readers to the concluding portion of the article on the exhibition specially contributed to our columns, which we print below, and to the extracts from THE CITIZEN. It is quite plain that all is not right. Indeed, at a meeting of the Cork Irish Industrial Association on Thursday last, this was confessed by the Mayor, Alderman A. Roche. We are sure, however, that Alderman Roche and his friends, who have induced the mayors of most Irish cities, including Dublin, to sign a declaration on the subject, have acted wisely in the matter. The declaration is as follows:

"As some doubts appear to have arisen as to the representative character of the Irish Industrial Village at the Chicago World's Fair, we, the undersigned mayors, desire to state in the most explicit manner that the Irish Industrial Village has been established by the Irish Industrial Association under the presidency of Lady Aberdeen, in pursuance of a widespread movement, supported by representatives of all sections of the community, irrespective of creed, party or class, and that in our opinion the Irish Industrial Village is a thoroughly representative undertaking."

Now, it seems plain to us that as there are two Irish villages, they should work in harmony. It is not for us at home to take sides with one or the other. They are both surely doing good. Certainly it is not becoming in any Irishman to say or do anything unfriendly to the work of Mrs. Ernest Hart. Visitors to Donegal can tell how she has made hundreds of poor homes in that country bright with industry. If we mistake not, too, her work in Ireland was commenced before Lady Aberdeen's. Lady Aberdeen's services to Ireland have, no doubt, been great, but they should not be allowed to overshadow those of others, who, like Mrs. Hart, have quietly been bringing light and hope into Irish cabins. Let us be certain also that the Irish village is really a thing to be proud of. The mayors state that it is fully and truly representative of Ireland. We do not know. THE CITIZEN declares that "it is compelled to take notice of the dissatisfaction that has been expressed." "Perhaps," says THE CITIZEN, "owing to the loud flourish of trumpets which heralded the advent of the Irish Village, Irish-Americans expected too much." Here, for instance, is one specific complaint. Says THE CITIZEN:

"One thing all Irish-Americans who have visited the place unite in saying—there is no real Irish flag exhibited over the buildings. The excuse is, we understand, that some of the money to supply the exhibit was subscribed by Irish Unionists, and that they 'could not tolerate' an Irish flag over the village. THE CITIZEN hopes that the foregoing statement is untrue. The Irish National flag must not be slighted under any pretext."

More recent information, however, THE CITIZEN says, later on, is to the effect "that Lady Aberdeen is perfectly willing to place the Irish flag on the towers of Blarney Castle." Be that as it may, THE CITIZEN "ventures to say that Mrs. Ernest Hart, although an English woman by birth and blood, will not hesitate to fly the Irish National flag over *her* Irish village when it is formally opened." THE CITIZEN'S belief, too, we understand, has been justified.

[NOTE—Mrs. Hart flew the Irish flag from the first. Mrs. Peter White, representing the Aberdeen village, floats the green and gold with the crownless harp also.—ED. CITIZEN.]

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH COLBY.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Colby, who lived for many years at No. 852 West Adams street, died at Bloomington, Ill., last Saturday morning, after a lingering illness of two years. Three months since she left for the country, thinking a change would be of benefit, but of late she grew gradually worse, and at last death came. The body was brought to Chicago Sunday morning and taken to the residence of her son, Col. Francis T. Colby. The funeral took place Monday morning at 8 o'clock from her son's residence. The services were held at St. Charles' Church at 9 o'clock, the Rev. Newton J. Hitchcock officiating. The Rev. Thomas Pope Hodnett, a friend of the family, preached the funeral sermon after the solemn high mass. The pallbearers were Judge James Goggin, John T. Shannon, Geo. P. Brown, George W. Young, Roger Sullivan, and William Scott. Mary Elizabeth Whelan was born in Tullagh, County Carlow, Ireland, in 1837. She came to this country with her parents when six years old, and had lived fifty years in Chicago. In 1855 was married to Andrew J. Colby, who, with three children, still survives her. Her daughters, Minnie J. Colby and Sarah Colby are both teachers in the Chicago High School. Her oldest son, Col. Francis T. Colby, is commander of the Seventh Regiment of National Guards, formerly the Hibernian Rifles, of this city. Mrs. Colby was one of the founders of the Cecilian Literary Society, and at the time of her death she was a member of St. Malachy's Church.

PINE AND PALM.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Said the palm tree to the pine:
"God be thanked, the fight is o'er!
Storm skies have turned to calm,
Peace is with us evermore;
Brothers' blood alas, was shed,
Brothers' hand was raised 'gainst hand,
Graves were glutted with our dead,
Carmine torrents stained the land;
Rival banners on the breeze
Floated high from tow'r and town,
Where by sunlit southern seas
Men would smite the Union down!
God forbade such rash design,
God spoke out, and all was calm.
Let us thank the Lord divine,"
Said the pine tree to the palm.

"Once the cry: 'to Washington!'"
Said the palm tree to the pine,
"Was the shout of sire and son
Heard beside the Georgian brine.
Hot the blood flowed in our veins,
Fierce our passions glowed, and hence
War's battalions swept our plains;
But we've gleaned more wisdom since.
We have laid the Stars and Bars
Wistfully beneath the clay,
And the glorious Stripes and Stars
Are our standards here today!
Pledged to each by bond and seal,
Brethren all, we now combine
For the self-same commonweal,"
Said the palm tree to the pine.

"We are one—forever one—"
Said the pine tree to the palm,
"One beneath one sky and sun—
One in tempest and in calm.
Bending o'er the dead dust here—
Heroes' dust from sea to sea—
We can shed a sacred tear—
O'er the graves of Grant and Lee!
Heart to heart and hand to hand
We shall stand and never fall—
One sole flag o'er this broad land,
And Jehovah over all!
Fanned by freedom's fearless breath,
Joined in love while planets shine,
North and South are one till death!"
Said the palm tree to the pine.

—*Blue and Gray for June.*

MOLLY POWER'S COW.

A Legend of County Clare.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

A natheral bridge, is it? Faith! sir, I'd be afther callin' is an *unnatheral bridge*, for sure it is one, be the same token. Why? Well, because they say that the Ould Boy himself—Lord betune us and harm!—had a hand in the makin' o' that same bridge. Of coorse it doesn't make the bridge any the less useful that he was the manes of it bein' there, but thin it gives the place a quare name, d'ye see? Maybe ye'd like to hear the story, sir? Well, thin, here's how it was:

A long, long time ago there was a poor widdy be the the name o' Molly Power, livin' down near Carrigaholt. Molly was a very dacent sort of a woman, that used to keep a cow and a few hins and made a livin' be sellin' eggs and butther and the like. She didn't have any pasture of her own and the cow used to ramble about pickin' up a bite here, there and everywhere, and always comin' back at milkin' time.

One fine afthernoon Drimin Dhu wasn't makin' her appearance as usual and finally Molly got so uneasy about her that she called the dog and started off to look for her. As she wint along, she'd ax all the neighbors: "Did ye see anything o' my cow?" but ne'er a one o' thim had as much as laid eyes on the baste. Afther the poor woman had thramped up one road and down another, inquirin' 'about the baste from this one and that till she was that tired, sure she was nearly dead, she met a half fool comin' toward her cryin' out:

"Molly Power! Molly Power! your fine Drimin is out on the rocks beyant in the say."

"Go along out o' that and don't be makin' game o' me!" says Molly. "Is it out on the big rocks in the middle o' the say she is?"

"Divil a where else!" says the fool.

"Arrah! what prate have ye? How could she get out there unless she had wings?"

"That I dunno!" says the fool. "But no matther how she got there, she's there safe enough, for I seen her meself wid my own two eyes."

"Get out o' my way, ye *gommel!*" says Molly, givin' him a shove and marchin' off as angry as ye plase. Whin she got to the edge of the big cliff she found that the fool had told her the truth, for right there out on the big rock was her purty Drimin as large as life. Molly saw there was no way o' gettin' the baste back so down she sat on a big stone and begin to bawl like as if it was all the world she'd lost.

"There's no use in keenin' and goin' on in that way, Molly," says a nice soft voice alongside of her. Molly stopped her tune and looked up to see what appeared to be a very fine illegant gintleman standin' and smilin' at her.

"Wisha! sir, it's small blame to me that I'd be raisin' a lamentation," says Molly. "For there's an ind to all the beautiful crame and butther that brings me sueh a purty pinny ivery week."

At that the dog kem up and whin he see the gintleman he raised the dickens own hullaboloo. Molly sthrove to quiet him, but she might as well whistle jigs to a milestone as to talk to him. She was about to ax the gintleman's pardon for the unmannerly behavior of the dog whin she just happened to ketch a glimpse of one of his feet, and faith, it wasn t a foot at all, only an out and out hoof, for all the world like ye'd see on a cow or some other like creature. Wid that, sir, Molly begin to say her prayers at a great rate.

"Couldn't ye sthrive to keep that dog a bit quiet?" says Ould Nick to Molly.

"Faith, sir, I can't make him mind at all," says Molly, runnin' over her beads in her mind as hard as she could.

"What would ye say, Molly," says the Ould Lad, givin' her a look o' the corner of his eye, "if I found a way to give ye back the cow?"

"Sure the prayers and blessins' of a poor lone widdy would follow ye day and night," says the cute Molly, purtendin', d'ye see, not to know who he was. "And I'm sure the Lord will be afther blessin' ye into the bargain."

"Don t mention that name again!" says the Ould Lad, wid a black, angry look on his face. "I don't like it."

He looked that fierce and ugly, sure, poor Molly near died wid the fright.

"I—I won't, sir," says Molly.

"Now, see here," says Nick in a soft, butthery tone of voice, "I'll build ye a big bridge right here if ye say the word, but it's a purty expensive piece o' work."

"I spose it is, sir," says Molly, shiverin' and shakin' like a lafe in the wind.

"And I must have something for my throuble," says the Divil.

"Of coorse, sir, sure that's only right enough," says Molly. She knew that she was in a purty bad fix and if she prayed fast before, it wasn't anything at all to what she did now.

"Now, Molly, I'll make a rasonable bargain wid ye. That's a fine cow o' yourn and they say there's not a butther milker to be found anywhere. It would be a murtherin' shame to see her kilt out there on the rocks and let ye go widout the fine milk and crame that she gives. See here now, I'll fling a good stout bridge across there that'll last for ages to come, if ye'll promise to give me the first livin' thing that crosses over it. Is it a bargain? Quick now, say the word or lose the cow."

"It's a bargain, sir," says Molly almost faintin' wid the fright.

Ould Nick niver said another word, but takin' his sword out of his belt and diggin out a monsthrous big piece, flung it across. It wasn't long enough, at all, and down it fell into the wather below. If ye look down there ye can see a bit of the ind of it stickin' up out of the wather. Troth! it makes me laugh whin I picther to myself the look of disappointment on the Divil's face whin he see the rock fall down.

"Well, bad look to it!" says he lookin' down in the wather afther it. "I was sure as shootin' that that piece was plinty long enough. Well, here goes for another thry at it."

He stooped down and dug out another immense lump, twice as big and as long as the first, and that heavy, sure, his sword bent nearly double before it moved the stone out of the ground. At length up it kem, and the Divil puffed and grunted and finally lifted it up and shoved it across, and the way it fitted was an admiration.

"That was no child's play, Molly," says he, wipin' the perspiration off his forehead wid the tip of his tail.

"Ye may well say that, sir," says Molly. She called to the dog and thried to dhrive him over the bridge but the poor animal seemed to know there was something wrong and all he'd do was to yelp and bark. The Divil sat on one ind of the bridge and grinned to see Molly's predicament. But, me jewel, it wasn't long till he grinned in another fashion, for Molly took a crust of bread out of her pocket and showing it to the dog tossed it across the bridge. The dog forgot all about his danger and over he pelted afther the bread. Well, don't be talkin', if the Divil wasn't mad! He was as mad as a hatther and he raved and swore and stamped his feet till he knocked fire out of the stones undher his hoofs.

"My bitther curse on the cur," says he.

"Amin!" says Molly, and she meant it, too, for the Divil's curse is worth two blessin's any day. It's his blessin' that's unlucky. He was over his anger in a minute, however, and he says to Molly:

"Ye chated me fair and aisy, but I'll forgive ye. Here's your bridge and ye may cross it back and forth, widout hurt or harm and your cow will come and go safely as well." He made a nice gintlemanly bow and was off in a jiffy.

There was one thing about the whole matther and that was, he acted like a rale gintleman in regard to his word, for he kept it and that's more than ye can say of most of the gintlemin nowadays.

MEN OR DEER?

[To the Editor.]

SIR:—I beg the favor from you to, through your columns, bring to the special notice of the friends and supporters of the Highland crofters, that the Highlands and Islands Royal Commission (1892) appointed by the present government has been actively at work since the 18th of April last. The commission was appointed to inquire and take evidence regarding such cultivatable land as is at present included in deer forests and sheep farms in the counties of Invernesshire, Argyleshire, Ross and Cromarty, Sutherlandshire and Caithnesshire. The Commission commenced its labors in the Island of Skye and has just finished the taking of evidence concerning and the inspection of the land which is claimed as being cultivatable in that district, which land if laid out in fair sized crofts would provide a decent living for numerous families. An adjournment has been made until the 13th inst., when the commission will sit again at Beauly to inquire respecting the many forests contained between that place and Kintail. This district includes the celebrated forests leased by Mr. Winans and was referred to by Sir George Trevelyan in the house of commons last week as "the sensational deer forest district."

For the purpose of presenting the case of the crofters fairly and with view to proving the statements of land law reformers that there is an immense total area of land contained in these counties which is fit for cultivation and was satisfactorily cultivated until the tenants were evicted to be replaced by deer and sheep, a special fund is being raised by the London and Edinburgh Highland Land Law Reform Association for the purpose of obtaining and scheduling such evidence as is necessary to lay before the commission. Mr. Donald Macrae, one of the most active of Highland land law reformers, and a man having complete grasp of the question, has been engaged to precede the commission and superintend the scheduling of evidence. The work so far as it has gone has been thoroughly satisfactory, but to deal completely with the entire area which the commission will have to go over, it is absolutely necessary that further considerable donations be received and I earnestly appeal to all friends at home and in other lands under whose notice this appeal will come to contribute as freely as possible towards this fund. To strengthen the hands of the government in passing such a measure as will lead to the resettling of the people on the land it is absolutely necessary that the crofters' case shall be presented to the commission in the strongest possible manner; therefore it is hoped that all in sympathy with the cause will give their immediate and generous help. There are large numbers in the Highlands who have been evicted to make room for deer and sheep, will gladly take crofts, and others who at present have crofts which are too small will increase the acreage of those crofts when they get the opportunity by reason of the government passing a bill compelling landlords of deer forests and sheep farms to lease such lands as are proved to be cultivatable, thus giving the preference to MEN over DEER and retaining the people on the land instead of compelling them to migrate to our already overcrowded towns and heap further competition, therefore misery, upon our unskilled workers. The following are among the donations received since the opening of the fund: Mr. J. Birkmyre, M.P., £10; Dr. Clark, M. P., £5; Mr. J. G. Weir, M. P., £5; Mr. D. H. Macfarlane, M. P., £5; Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, £5; Mr. Chas. Fraser Mackintosh, £5; Mr. James Woollen, £3 3 0; Mr. Patrick Macfayden, £3 3 0; Dr. Macdonald, £2 2 0; The Chisholm, £2 2 0; Mrs. Percy Thompson, £2 2 0; Sir John Long, M.P., £2 2 0; Mr. Donald Murray, £1 1 0; Mr. Edwin R. Spiers, £1 1 0; Mr. Andrew Provand, M. P., £1; Mr. Duncan C. Fraser, Birkenhead, £1; Dr. Farquhar Matheson, £1. Donations will be gladly received and acknowledged by the honorary treasurer, Dr. Roderick MacDonald, ex-M.P., for Ross and Cromarty, 252 Camden road, N.W., or by, yours obediently, DONALD C. FRASER, Honorary Secretary Highland Land Law Reform Association of London, Palace Chambers, Bridge street, Westminster, London, S.W.

ON THE RIO GRANDE.

We chased the wild guerrillas
Through chaparral and glade.
And they fell beneath the sabres
Of the fearless Tenth Brigade;
Then faint with wounds and parched with thirst,
We pitched our tents that day,
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

Up spoke our gallant leader,
Astride his fretful roan,
"Sleep ye who can, my comrades,
I'll watch the camp alone;
A restless spirit in my brain
Keeps sleep and rest at bay."
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

All in the misty moonlight
I saw him come and go,
With his long Kentucky rifle
Across his saddle-bow;
And he hummed a tender love-tune,
A ballad blithe as May.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

The dew was on the flowers,
The air was full of June,
And the river on the shallows
Made music to the moon,
While around our still encampment prowled
Wild beasts in search of prey.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

A rustle in the coppice!
A shadow on the grass!
Is that a friend, O sentinel,
That you should let him pass?
Then the sharp, quick crack of a rifle broke
On the air, and died away.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

The drummer beat reveille,
The startled war-horse neighed,
And our leader, reeling in his seat,
Tugged at his trusty blade,
Rose in his stirrups once, and then—
We heard the bugles play.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

And Leavenworth was dying,
His head upon my knee:
"Take these," he faintly said, "to one
Who long will wait for me!
And tell her—" 'Twas a tress of hair
And a three-year-old bouquet.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

We wrapped him in our colors—
The red, and white, and blue—
Oh, we wrapped him in our colors,
That tender soul and true!
And more than one bronzed hero wept
Like a little child that day,
As we buried him on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande,
Where we lay.

Catholic Library Election.

At the last annual meeting of the Union Catholic Library Association, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Hon. Marcus Kavanagh; first vice-president, Hon. James O'Connor; second vice-president, E. E. S. Eagle; financial secretary, Francis E. Croarkin; recording secretary, James Felix O'Connor; corresponding secretary, Frank A. O'Donnell; treasurer, Jas. Conlan, Jr.

Board of Directors—Three years—Frank D. Kinsella, Wm. H. Condon, James T. Young, Thos. J. Rice, Hon. James Goggin.

Two years—John E. Murphy, M. E. Ames, W. B. Costello, H. P. Dawson, Chas. A. Kimmit.

One year—Chas. A. Mair, John E. Dalton, Wm. C. McClure, Wm. A. Doyle, P. W. O'Brien.

GLADSTONE UNVEILED.

A Figure of the "Grand Old Man" Now at Donegal Castle.

The bronze replica of the statue of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone was unveiled in the Donegal Castle Village in Midway Plaisance yesterday with much ceremony, says the *Tribune* of Monday last. The statue is nine feet high and shows the subject in an oratorical attitude with the right hand outstretched, as if pleading for liberty. It stands on a pedestal at the north end of the castle hall, and on a platform around its base sat Mayor Harrison, Mrs. Hart, Judge Moran, orator of the occasion, Mr. Hart, A. Bruce Joy, the sculptor, and Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop. Near by were Miss Kate Field and Mrs. Sullivan.

The exercises began at 4 o'clock with an address by Mayor Harrison, in which he spoke of Mr. Gladstone as the uncrowned king of the people of England and Ireland, a man whom friends worship and enemies admire. After the mayor's speech Mrs. Hart pulled the string that let the drapery fall from the figure, and the audience, which filled every part of the hall, applauded. It was stated that this statue is a reproduction of the original made by Mr. Joy and placed opposite Bow Town Hall in London three years ago. Then Mrs. Bishop in splendid voice and with much feeling sang "Come Back to Erin."

Judge Moran was introduced, and in part said:

"The unveiling of this splendid piece of sculpture, considering it merely as a work of art, could not fail to give great pleasure to all who are here present; but beautiful and perfect as it is as a work of art a deeper sense of pleasure and satisfaction is awakened by the fact that the artist has here embodied the features of a man who, considered all in all, must be regarded as the foremost man who has lived during the nineteenth century. Mr. Gladstone is not only the Grand Old Man to his followers in the Liberal party in England, but he is even to his most bitter enemies, to all the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland, nay to the entire English-speaking race, whether in Europe or America, the same Grand Old Man.

"There is a peculiar felicity in the unveiling of this counterfeit presentment of him in the Irish Village and under the circumstances that surround us today. He is now engaged in one of the most important political struggles of his great life, in an endeavor to secure to the people of Ireland justice and home rule, and there is a peculiar fitness in the unveiling of his statue in America in this village. But Mr. Gladstone is respected not only by persons of Irish descent among our population who may be said by reason of his partiality toward the country of their race to be willing to indulge in partisan admiration and respect. He is held in respect by the liberty loving people of this country and of all countries, who recognize in him one of the greatest champions of the rights of men—one who has devoted his life with intelligent labor to the elevation and progress of his fellow men."

Dr. E. Hart followed with a few remarks descriptive of the personality, the magnetism, and the grandeur of Mr. Gladstone. Chauncey M. Depew was expected to be present, but he sent a telegram saying that his business engagements were such that it was impossible for him to come, as he would have to leave New York Saturday evening and return Sunday night. Gov. Altgeld also sent a telegram of regret.

IRISH-AMERICAN COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Irish-American Council will be held next Sunday, July 2, at 2 p. m. sharp, at Fitzgerald's Hall, corner of Halsted and Adams streets, to make arrangements for a World's Fair Day. All Irish societies are requested to send three delegates each.

JOHN FOLEY, Prest.
F. J. CONROY, Sec.

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE.

The closing exercises of St. Ignatius College were held at Central Music Hall on Wednesday evening. The Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan and most of the clergy graced the occasion with their presence. The exercises were spirited, and the immense audience applauded the young orators, John L. Babicky, Francis E. O'Bryan, Michael F. Hallinin, Joseph A. Regan, Daniel J. Bowen and James P. Shortall, to the echo. Judge Tuthill delivered a brief and eloquent address to the graduates. Prizes were awarded to the following:

For best cathechetical essay, Daniel J. Bowen, '93.

Best historical essay, Vincent J. Walsh, '94.

Best scientific essay, Francis E. O'Bryan, '93.

Best oration, Michael V. Kannally, '94.

Elocution contests, William J. Donoghue, Francis E. O'Rourke, Edward J. O'Brien, John J. O'Rourke.

E class medals and premiums were awarded at the college to a score of others.

GAELIC GAMES.

In the Gaelic games at Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue, Sunday afternoon, the O'Briens won from the Liberators at football by a score of 10 points to 1. The losers are a new club, this being their second championship game. Under the circumstances they put up a creditable game, considering that the O'Brien's are old and experienced players. For the winners Durkin, P. Lehane, J. Murphy, and P. O'Connell played well. The teams were as follows:

O'Briens—P. D. Fitzgerald, captain; W. Burke, P. O'Connell, J. Lenahan, J. Howard, J. Woods, J. C. Wood, W. Noonan, W. O'Shea, J. Murphy, P. Durkin, W. O'Connell, P. Lehane, J. Donigan, E. Cahill, J. Keliher.

Liberators—J. Foley, John Foley, Pat Foley, M. Moriarity, D. Moriarity, P. Moriarity, D. Neenan, P. Brosnan, T. Shea, O. Dineen, H. Brown, J. Keliher, Bretcher, Fitzgerald, Hancock, A. Donovan, and Hanifan.

A hurling match filled the second part of the programme, the contestants being the Davitts and Innisfails. These teams rank among the best in the city and great interest was manifested in the game by the friends of both clubs. Some little feeling was shown by several of the players, but promptly disposed of by the referee. Victory rested with the Davitts by 2 goals and 1 point to 4 points. The game was the best contested of the season, and was enjoyed by a large number of spectators. For the winning team Furlong, Hayes, Lehane, and D. Ahearn played good ball, and Capt. O'Connell, Naughton, Sexton, and Conway did likewise for the losers. The teams were:

Innisfails—Sexton, O'Connell, McCarty, Bennet, T. Naughton, M. Phelan, J. Phelan, O'Sullivan, Conway, Mason, Fitzgerald, Egan, J. O'Callaghan, John O'Callaghan.

Davitts—M. Lehane, J. Furlong, Capt. Cronin, M. Ryan, Farrell, Fleming, T. Ryan, Hayes, Finn, M. Ahearn, D. Ahearn, Mahoney, Lenahan, Gruby, Nelligan, D. Huling.

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS PICNIC.

The Clan-na-Gael Guards will hold their eighteenth annual picnic on Tuesday, July 4, day and evening, at Oswald's Grove, Fifty-second and Halsted streets. The Clan-na-Gael picnics are always very popular and well attended, owing principally to the games and amusements in connection with them. The cool, shady character of the grove, and good order that prevails there, make it a favorite family resort; and for genuine pleasure and a good time generally it cannot be excelled by any in the city.

Wave Tossed.

Sea sick voyagers suffer unspeakable tortures. Then if Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is resorted to the tortures cease. Yachting parties, ocean fishermen, nervous, sickly people, whom the jarring of a railway train affects much in the same way as the tossing of the surges do one who crosses the Atlantic for the first time, should be mindful of this and be provided with an adequate supply of the Bitters. This incomparable stomachic will promptly settle a stomach outrageously disturbed, is a capital antidote to malaria and nervous complaints, remedies constipation and biliousness, and counteracts a tendency to rheumatism. Besides this, it compensates for a loss of energy consequent upon undue exertion or nervous anxiety, and averts the effects of exposure in inclement weather and the wearing of damp clothing. Both appetite and sleep are promoted by it, and general health rapidly improves through its use.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

BEWARE OF P. J. FLYNN.

The public and especially newspaper publishers, are hereby warned against one Patrick J. Flynn, who resides, or recently resided, at South Halsted street and 37th court. He is in the habit of collecting money for newspapers, and retaining it for his own use. Also he has had several bad checks cashed, and the victims have been to this office making inquiries about the fellow. Flynn has no connection whatever with this paper. He is, perhaps, forty-five years of age; about six feet in stature; has bluish eyes, a blonde, full beard, and has a habit of talking to people with his hands in his pockets and his head bent forward. As evening approaches he generally gets drunk, and can be easily recognized by these presents. He is an impudent, unscrupulous fraud, and should have no quarter from any respectable person.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $80!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

CAMPANIA A RACER.

She Really Beat the Record of the Paris, but Went Over a Longer Course.

[Extract from Chicago Evening Post, June 24.]

The giant Cunard steamship Campania broke the day's run record twice on the trip from Liverpool to New York, which ended at 12:20 o'clock this morning, when she was sighted off Sandy Hook. On June 20 and June 23 she steamed 548 and 532 miles respectively. The American liner Paris held the day's record before then, having made, Oct. 18, 1892, 530 miles in one day on a westward trip. The remarkable average of 21.12 knots an hour was reeled off by the Campania from the time she left Daunt's Rock. This greatly exceeds the time made by the Paris when she broke the ocean record for the westward travel. Then she went 20.70 knots all the way across the Atlantic. Notwithstanding the great speed shown the Campania did not break the record for the time of the voyage. The reason was that she went over a longer course than the Paris took at her 5 days 14 hours and 24 minutes' trip. She traveled 2,864 nautical miles, while the Paris traveled only 2,782. The time for the Campania's voyage just finished was 5 days 15 hours and 37 minutes.

The Paris got in at 11:44 last night from Southampton. She made the distance in 6 days 14 hours and 21 minutes.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Tailor.

374 W. Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

EDWARD F. RYAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 1444-1448 UNITY BUILDING.

ESTATE OF MALACHY GROGAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Malachy Grogan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1893, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 24, 1893.

JOHN GROGAN, Administrator.

Edward F. Ryan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF SARAH HAYES, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Sarah Hayes, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1893, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 19 1893.

MARGARET RYAN, Executrix.

Edward F. Ryan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF MARY MEADE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary Meade, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1893, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 29, 1893.

WILLIAM MEADE, Administrator.

Edward F. Ryan, Attorney.

T. J. ROWAN,
FASHIONABLE TAILORING.
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115-117 DEARBORN ST.,
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THE HAPPY ISLES.

Forever [illegible] dream
Flashed [illegible] of the race,
And [illegible] and [illegible]
With [illegible] stream,
In some [illegible] place.

Some [illegible] sage
[illegible] his thought,
And [illegible] to age,
His [illegible]
In [illegible] taught,

The fancy of Sir Thomas More
[illegible] realm,
Where [illegible] bore;
Where [illegible]
[illegible] helm.

[illegible] line,
[illegible] and poet sing,
[illegible] words divine
[illegible] and Love be king.

The happy islands that we seek
Are only fledged in hearts of men
Whose chivalry befriends the weak;
Who know the truth and dare to speak
By earnest word or earnest pen.
—F. K. Foster in Boston Leader.

A GENERAL'S LEGACY.

Jacques Desmoulins was once a soldier in the French army, but having allied himself with the republican forces he was spotted by the secret police and thrust into La Conciergerie, one of the oldest prisons in the empire.

He had been in cell No. 13 for so many years that he had almost forgotten why he was there, and it was only now and then that the cruel injustice which had been done him presented itself with any feelings which gave rise to rebellion.

He had never once stepped from the damp cell into which he had been thrust, how long ago he knew not, for in that place there was no means for counting the passage of time. Day and night were nearly the same to him, excepting that when he heard the evening bell at 8 o'clock he generally rolled himself in the one old blanket and stretched his limbs upon a rough cot in the corner of the cell. The faint streak of sunlight, which barely found an entrance through the little barred window which looked out over a desolate plain in the rear of the prison, told him that without it was daylight, and accordingly he would arise and sit with his face between his hands and arms upon his knees until his attendant brought his morning meal.

After this had been eaten he passed the time until noon drawing pictures with a stick upon the graveled floor of the cell, working out problems and now and then composing a few words of song. A nap in the afternoon, with a view of the guards as they were called out for parade at 4 o'clock, which could be seen from his window, comprised the monotonous features of each day, and with a few exceptions they occurred regularly with nothing to break the sameness.

Jacques Desmoulins was at times filled with a strong desire to escape from the prison, but when he looked at the heavy stone walls, the huge iron door and remembered that a guard was always kept over the place the idea of such a thing appeared so improbable that he was obliged to give it up. However, he passed many hours trying to solve this question, but as one plan after another presented itself it was discarded. There was still a faint glimmer of hope in the breast of Jacques Desmoulins, and often he said to himself, "Some day I will leave these cruel walls and be a free man again." That day was destined to come, but the circumstances leading to it were of a nature of which the poor prisoner never dreamed.

As Jacques Desmoulins sat in his cell one forenoon looking at the walls and low ceiling he wondered what the story would be could these cold stones speak of what had passed within their sight. He had allowed his thoughts to run in this channel for awhile, and the pictures which his imagination drew would have offered more than one subject to the story writers of today. A strong desire came over him to learn something of the former occupant of cell No. 13, and he was planning a way by which to approach the attendant when he heard the key grating in the iron door, and a moment later it swung open and Jean Cabotier entered with a tray on which was some water, bread and meat. After he had placed his burden on the table he turned toward the prisoner, as though awaiting some remarks from him, for having brought food to No. 13 for so many years he felt as though he was entitled to a certain familiarity with the occupant which no one had a right to dispute.

"Monsieur," he said, noticing the thoughtful face before him, "you appear troubled. Are you unwell? If so, Marie will cook you something different from this," pointing to the tray at his right.

"No, Cabotier, I am not unwell, and Marie need not trouble herself, although you are very kind. Can you stop a few moments and talk with me?"

"I see no harm, monsieur. Yours is the last cell I visit, and all the others have received their rations. And what is it you would talk with me about?"

"How long, Carbotier, have you been at La Conciergerie?"

"How long, monsieur? Why, ever since I can remember. When I first looked beyond my mother's arms, it was at these walls, and they have ever since been my home."

"Then you must remember those who have occupied this cell before I was brought here."

Jean Cabotier remained in thought for a few moments. He was trying to recall some faint memory of the past, but there seemed a broken link in the connection. At last he turned to the prisoner.

"Monsieur, I do not remember of any one in cell No. 13 before you came. I never visited it, yet I believe some great general was once here when Marie's father was warden. Perhaps she can tell who it was. There can be no harm, monsieur, and if she knows I will bring you the story tonight."

After Jean Cabotier had gone the prisoner remained seated on the little stool plunged in deep thought. He had forgotten the tray of food on the table, so engrossed was he in the subject introduced by the few words of his attendant.

"A great general," he said to himself, "and once he looked upon these cruel walls with feelings the same as mine. Yes, I might have been a great general today were it not for La Conciergerie, but, alas, there is no hope for me now! They say that the revolution is at an end and we have failed. France kneels again to monarchical rule. Her brave sons will drench the soil with blood. Would that I were among them today, for this arm would wield the sword as it did in former days."

Jacques Desmoulins sat there during the long hours of the afternoon, and it was not until he heard the key grating in the iron door that he roused himself from the reverie into which he had fallen.

It was Jean Cabotier who entered. In one hand he carried some food and in the other was a pair of old cavalry boots. When he saw the untasted meal on the table and the sad look of the prisoner, he stopped. Upon his face was an expression of sympathy, and he thus accosted the lonely occupant of the cell:

"Monsieur, you are ill today. Let me bring you something from Marie's own little kitchen—some broth or fresh eggs."

The prisoner raised his head. Upon seeing the cavalry boots his face lightened up, and he forgot the inquiry made by Jean Cabotier.

"Have you learned something," he asked, "about the general who was once in this cell?"

"Yes, monsieur. Marie remembered the story as told by her father, and here are the boots which General Louispierre Dumourier left when he was called before the tribunal of the convention."

"What, General Louispierre Dumourier?" asked the prisoner in excited tones. "Was it at La Conciergerie, in cell No. 13, that he was imprisoned?"

"Yes, monsieur, in this same place, and Marie thought there'd be no harm in bringing these to you," he said, placing the boots on the floor before Jacques Desmoulins. "I did not ask the warden, for surely there can be no harm, and you may care for them, as their imprints were long ago left on this floor. And, monsieur, you need a new pair, for you have had none since you came here."

Jacques Desmoulins took the boots and looked at them with a feeling of deep interest.

"Yes," he said, "I can wear a general's boots, but a general I shall never be. What did Marie say about General Louispierre Dumourier?"

"You remember the general, monsieur? It was at the beginning of the revolution, when Danton, Robespierre and Marat were at the head of the convention. General Dumourier was thought to be working to place the dethroned Louis XVI in power again, and with what evidence they had they thrust him into prison. Marie says her father spoke of him often, for it was he who took General Dumourier's meals to him each day in this cell where he was confined. You know, monsieur, that after awhile he was brought before the tribunal and defended himself so well that he was acquitted."

"Yes, Cabotier, I remember well, and after that he joined the Prussian forces. Would that I had been with him and could have followed where he led!"

The prisoner was pacing back and forth in his narrow cell, and his excited manner and flashing dark eyes made the attendant shrink back. He feared that the thirst for revenge born within the soldier's breast would incite him to make a victim of the first man within his reach, but Jacques Desmoulins noticing the frightened manner of the man ceased his warlike gestures. For nearly half an hour they talked together of the life of General Louispierre Dumourier and then the attendant left.

When Jacques Desmoulins had put on the cavalry boots, he walked about the cell with a certain feeling of pride. This was the first instance since he had been brought to La Conciergerie which served to divert his mind from the monotonous life he led. He examined the footwear carefully, straightened out the wrinkled leggings, and with the moisture from his hands softened the leather by a long rubbing process.

Several days passed. The prisoner had not become tired of drawing imaginative pictures of General Louispierre Dumourier, and often he sat on the little stool, looking at the long cavalry boots and almost believing that their owner was present. He would ask question after question and then answer them himself as his mind produced the scenes, the feelings and utter loneliness of this former occupant of his cell.

One noon when Jean Cabotier entered cell No. 13 he gave the prisoner some news which afforded him a new subject for thought during the lonesome hours.

"Yes, monsieur," said the attendant, "four new prisoners were brought here this morning, and one is charged with conspiracy against the emperor. Marie says they are men who hold great influence, for the warden has ordered the night guard to be doubled."

"And do you know the names of any of these prisoners?" asked Jacques Desmoulins.

"No, monsieur, I have not as yet heard. They are all very surly and will not talk. When I do find out, I shall tell you."

That night as the prisoner in cell No. 13 lay awake he heard the measured tread of the sentry beneath his window. By standing on the little stool he was able to look out between the bars, and for some time watched the soldier as he paced back and forth on his beat. He was tempted to call out or drop some article on his head as he stood for a moment under the window at the end of his trip. He thought the fellow looked as though he might easily become frightened, but finally abandoned these ideas.

Night after night he watched the sentry. There was something in this pastime which served to divert his mind from gloomy thoughts and to a certain extent interested him. Often his imagination drew for him the picture of the life of the sentry. He wondered how a man could countenance such a thing as acting as guard over a few poor fellows confined in damp cells when they had done nothing to bring them there but invoke the wrath of an unjust and tyrannical power.

As Jacques Desmoulins stood at his window one night he was surprised to see the sentry lean his musket against the wall of the prison and sit down directly under him. Ere long the fellow fell asleep. Plan after plan flashed through the mind of Jacques Desmoulins as he observed the fellow, wholly unmindful that a pair of eyes were watching him, but none of them offered effective means for his escape. He would if possible gain possession of that musket, and with that in his power he would patiently bide his time, when it could utilize effectually to gain his release.

Without waiting to allow the time to slip by unimproved, he took off one of the cavalry boots, and with an old knife commenced to cut the leg into a long string. His plan for proceeding was to drop a slip noose over the muzzle of the gun and then draw it up to his window, where it could easily be taken between the iron bars. He would a great deal rather have dropped the noose about the neck of the sleeping sentry, but he knew this would only result in his being placed in stricter confinement, with less opportunity there for effecting an escape.

As the leather was cut inch by inch the prisoner all at once came upon a piece that was split, and a moment later the opening revealed a piece of brown paper. The look of surprise on the face of Jacques Desmoulins would have made a fortune for a photographer could he have produced it. All thoughts of the sleeping sentinel had faded from his mind, and unfolding the piece of paper he anxiously looked at the drawing on it.

By the faint light of the moon which made its way into his cell he was able to see quite distinctly. Below the little chart indicating the points of the compass were deciphered the following words:

LA CONCIERGERIE, CELL NO. 13.

Having discovered an opening to an underground passage leading from this cell, I leave a diagram secreted in my boot leg showing where the opening may be found. Being summoned before the tribunal to answer charges brought against me as a traitor, I prefer to appear there rather than effect an escape, as my own words will prove my innocence. This I bequeath to La Conciergerie, trusting it may fall into the hands of some unfortunate prisoner and be the means of effecting his escape.

GENERAL LOUISPIERRE DUMOURIER.

It was not long before Jacques Desmoulins had solved the little diagram. With the blade of his knife he loosened the earth in the crevices between two large stones which formed a part of the wall to the cell. Placing his weight against one of them, the beads of perspiration pouring out upon his forehead and his hands trembling with excitement, the stone turned and disclosed a cavity beyond. He lost little time in entering it, and groping his way through the passage at length came out on the slope below the prison wall.

As he looked back he saw the sleeping form of the sentry. A moment he stopped to consider the bold idea which had come to him, then softly crept to where the soldier lay. He took the musket lying against the wall of the prison and brought the butt down upon the head of his victim, stunning him with the first blow. A moment later and he had donned the clothes of the sentry and was making his way as rapidly as possible from La Conciergerie.

The stone walls of the prison never saw Jacques Desmoulins again, for gaining the coast in safety he shipped on board an outward vessel for America. It was years afterward, when he had become a citizen of the United States, that he related to the father of the writer the events recorded in this story.—Exchange.

Conservative Methods of Travel.

To leave the world of today and float back into a past era, an era undisturbed by the telegraph or the telephone, a hotel elevator or a clanging electric car, is an experience that many tired people would rejoice in—for a week. But it is doubtful if they would be willing to give up the conveniences of modern life for a longer period. In a steamboat ride from St. Louis to New Orleans I slept like a child all night and mentioned the fact at the breakfast table. Every one smiled when I said that the boat's noise did not disturb me.

"Why, we tied up to a tree all night," said the clerk, "and did not move a yard until an hour ago."

I had not been long enough in the atmosphere of Mississippi travel to avoid worrying about the loss of a whole night while we were tied up to the shore. There had been a fog, I was told, and to proceed would have been dangerous. Yet I was bound for New Orleans Mardi Gras and had only time to make it according to the boat's schedule. But I had not fathomed a tithe of the mysteries of river travel.

"It's too bad we're so late," I said to the steward.

"We ain't late," said he.

"I thought we laid up over night," I said.

"So we did," said he, "but that ain't goin to make any difference. We don't run so close to time as all that."

Nothing made any difference or gave any cause for trouble—not even hitching up to the river bank now and then for a night or two.—Harper's.

A Faithful Attendant.

There is no more regular attendant at the sittings of the house of lords than the archbishop of Canterbury, who makes it a rule to be in his place punctually at 4 o'clock. His grace considers it a duty as head of the church to be always prepared to answer questions which may be put to him as primate. There is an unwritten rule that information on any matter relating to the church should be asked direct of the archbishop, but private notice is always given in advance whenever it is possible.—London Tit-Bits.

Used to It.

Miss Ricketts—John Dimling reminds me of a poem.

Miss Kilduff—Because he's sweet?

Miss Ricketts—No. Because he's been rejected so often.—Brooklyn Life.

IMPROVING THE OLD.

CONTRARIETY IN INVENTION AND HOW THE RULE WORKS.

The Irreverent Inventor Scorns Not to Find a New Way of Doing a Thing—Sometimes He Fails to Find a Better Way, Often He Stumbles Upon a Great Idea.

There is apt to be a fine irreverence about the inventor which leads him to suspect that any old way of doing a thing is for that very reason not the best way. Often he observes some time honored plan of working, audaciously makes up his mind to do the exact opposite and hits upon success. Guns were loaded at the muzzle for ages, until one day a man of originality thought of loading them at the other end, the preferable end on many accounts besides that of manifest convenience. The same path was trodden by the Frenchman who first put the eye of a needle near its point instead of away from its point. He little knew that he was doing a great deal to make the sewing machine a possibility.

One of the notions of the pioneer railway engineers in England was that their rails must be flanged so that the wheels of locomotives and carriages should not get off the track. But some one of skeptical mind inquired, "Why not leave the top of the rail flat, or nearly flat, and put the flange on the wheel, an easier thing to do?" Accordingly the flange was taken from the rail to the wheel and remains there to this day to remind the traveler that an eastern philosopher said long ago, "To him that is well shod it is as if the whole earth were covered with leather."

It is a good many years now since steam was first used for heating buildings, and as air when warmed ascends what more natural than that steam coils should hug the floors just as the stoves before them had done? But in some of the largest factories in this country the coils are fastened not to the floor, but to the ceiling, which proves to be a better place for them. As everybody knows who ever sat before an open fire, radiation is a pleasanter means of warmth than convection, than heat carried along by currents of air. Floor space is incidentally saved, and the risk of gathering combustible rubbish about the coils is avoided.

In the ages of simplicity, which came down to Watt's time and the invention of the steam engine, when a kettle was to be heated the proper place for the fire was thought to be outside. But when big boilers came in, with pressing need that their contents be heated in the shortest time possible, it was found gainful to put the fire inside. Stephenson's locomotive, the Rocket, derived no small part of its efficiency from his knowledge to which side of the boiler to apply flame.

On somewhat the same principle Lord Dundonald, one of the early improvers of the steam engine, forced the hot air currents under his boiler from above downward, against their natural tendency to move from below upward. In this way he made available much heat that otherwise would have been wasted. The steam engine, whether mounted on wheels or not, always keeps its fuel outside—furnace and cylinder are distinct. Today the steam engine's primacy is challenged by a motor which uses its fuel inside, the furnace being no other than the cylinder, precisely as in the barrel of a gun. So much more work does a gas engine yield than a steam engine, in comparison with the heat applied, that only the dearness of heat as supplied by gas prevents the speedy supercedure of steam for motive power. As gas engines grow steadily larger, their margin of economy becomes so decided that it begins to pay to make gas on purpose to burn in them.

In the reduction of bauxite, the refractory ore of aluminium, it is necessary to maintain an extreme temperature. The melting point of the mineral is high, and only so much of the heat as ranges above that temperature does work. In the mining department of the World's fair is an exhibit showing how the modern metallurgist reduces aluminium with new economy. Instead of employing the old crucible method and applying the fire from without, he incloses the ore in a nonconducting bed, and by means of a powerful electric current applies the heat from within. Electric furnaces of this type now produce bronze and other alloys at prices which steadily fall as their market enlarges.

Not far from the mining exhibit at Chicago stands Machinery hall. When its visitors see one of the largest steam engines driving machinery with a slack belt, they are wont to express surprise. Ordinary folks today think just what machinists thought a few years ago—that tightness is the effective and indeed the only feasible condition for belts. But in this case, as in a good many others, the rule of contraries has come, and with profit.

Architects as well as engineers and metallurgists have found it profitable to go into opposition where some ancient practices have been concerned. In latitudes of much fall of rain or snow the form of roof which most obviously suggests itself is the common pitched roof, resembling an A more or less broadened. Vexed by bursting rain conductors, by impromptu object lessons as to the force of avalanches, northern architects take not A, but V, duly widened, for their roof type. In winter ice and snow, caught as in a basin, cannot fall to the street. Icicles are banished, and in conductors carried through the heart of the building and kept warm by the building ice is gradually melted without a chance to do damage.—New York Sun.

Signing With the Cross.

Signing with the cross was first practiced by Christians to distinguish themselves from the pagans. In ancient times kings and nobles used the sign of the cross, whether they could write or not, as a symbol that the person making it pledged himself by his Christian faith to the truth of the matter to which he affixed it.—Detroit Free Press.

A Cat That Is Bound to Live.

When he wandered into our boarding house on Lackawanna avenue, he was a nice little tomcat with eyes as innocent as a child's. He used to stand on his hind legs and cry for milk, and as long as he conducted himself he was treated well. He, however, became thievish and insufferably lazy. He used to purloin the choicest beefsteaks, take them down to the cellar and devour them. He used also to get in the way of the girls, who were generally in a hurry at mealtime, and the help became thoroughly sick and tired of him.

One day the dishwasher flung him out of the fourth story back window. He didn't seem to mind it in the least though. He alighted on his paws, and looking up at the girl he winked his right eye, as much as to say, "No, you don't," and then walked leisurely round to the front of the house and came into the kitchen again in all his philosophic calm and just as though nothing unusual had happened.

The next day Thomas was tied up in a bag and deposited somewhere in the wilds near Taylor, but, lo and behold, he returned about three weeks afterward at 3 o'clock in the morning to his old home and woke up the whole block with his piteous appeals for food and shelter. He was given both. It was thought that he might possibly reform, but he didn't. He became still more thievish and lazy.

Then it was determined that he should die by poison. A nice juicy piece of beef was sprinkled with strychnine, and he was locked up in a closet with it for four days. Everybody thought he would be dead sure when the closet was opened, but he wasn't. He just simply purred and clawed the floor for joy when he was released. He had sense enough not to touch the poisoned meat at all. Finally he was locked down in the bottom cellar, the third from the surface of the street, and when seen a few days ago he was as fat and sleek and comfortable as any cat in the city of Scranton. He is living on rats, and the diet seems to agree with him.—Scranton Truth.

Diagnosing an Illness.

It would seem to be simple enough to attribute the fever which ordinarily follows the fracture of a leg to the irritation which is set up in the limb by the accident, yet, in point of fact, that fever is not seldom the result of the sympathetic disturbance of nerve centers, as, for example, those of the stomach, and in treating it it becomes necessary to take these into consideration. I have selected this illustration because the results of such an accident as the fracture of a leg would appear to be of all things the simplest to diagnose. When we approach such ailments as nervous diseases we find ourselves literally wandering in a maze through which there is no path. It is commonly enough known, even by those who have not studied medicine, that while each disease shows certain symptoms common to each recurrence of it, each case must be treated separately and allowance made for many things peculiar to the patient.

Among these are his or her occupation in life, habits, food, constitution or stamina, previous ailments and, above all, heredity or those tendencies which have come from his parents. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in "Elsie Venner" makes the old family physician refer to the knowledge he has gained, during many years of practice, of the hereditary constitution of his patients, and the doctor adds that no school of science, no medical education can give this knowledge to his young competitors. All this is true, wonderfully true, and it is the lack of just this knowledge of the past which makes some cases of disease so terribly puzzling and which makes each case individual in itself.—Cyrus Edson, M. D., in North American Review.

The Steaming Process.

Two Detroit young ladies met at a dry goods counter and for a time blocked the channels of trade by an exchange of experiences.

"You are looking so transparent," said one. "Tell me, dearest, what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Steaming," answered dearest, with a self satisfied sigh. "It's tiresome and hot, but the end justifies the means. I don't use powder any more—the hot water has a better effect. I'm almost parboiled now. And you?"

"Do I look improved, dearest?"

"Oh, yes, yes. You are so spiritueIle. Do you sit up all night?"

"No. I don't eat meat, and I pose. I just stare at nothing for hours and hours. That gives me the true Hindooistic expression of transcendentalism. Oh, dearest, it is so improving to look at nothing and think of nothing for a long time. It is like the Sphinx."

"Excuse me," answered dearest slangily. "If I went into such 'improvement,' the family would shut me up and feed me on bread and water. I steam my features on the sly as it is."

Then these souls in Mufti fell to buying dry goods like ordinary women who do not pose, neither do they steam.—Detroit Free Press.

He Remembered the Pins.

Fritz had been ordered by his master to take four horses and a lurry—which is a sort of car much used by coal miners and others who have need of vehicles for the conveyance of very heavy articles—and fetch a steam boiler from a neighboring town. Just as he was about to start his master's wife called him in and said: "Fritz, here's threepence. I want you to bring me a packet of pins, and please don't forget it."

"No, ma'am," said Fritz, and off he started.

Some hours later Fritz came back, drove up to the house, unharnessed the horses, stepped into the house and delivered the small parcel of pins to the lady.

"I say, Frita," said his master, who was standing at the window, "what have you done with the boiler?"

"Boiler, sir?" answered Fritz. "Donnerwetter, sir. I hope you won't be vexed, but I clean forgot it."—Harper's Young People.

THE BRUTE AND THE HAT.

Nature of the Man Who Is Constantly Complaining of Woman's Headgear.

There is something extremely fatiguing in all this talk about the big hats at the theater. From every point come shafts of ridicule and even abuse to the woman who wears to the theater a bonnet larger than a saucepan. Those who make all this hubbub are the very ones who have the least right to, and I'll prove it.

It is generally man—plain, horrid, crabbed man—who finds so much fault with our hats. Now, I don't mind telling you that it is this same man who does more to spoil a lady's evening at the theater than all the hats in Christendom. You know him as well as I do, for you meet him at every theater. He seems to have nothing in the world to do but to go to playhouses and cause people to wish they had never been born.

This man, whom we all know, never gets to the theater until the play has begun. And, what is more astonishing and even more aggravating, he always selects a seat midway between two aisles and in the most crowded section of the house.

Down the aisle he—this horrid man—tramps, every step drowning at least two lines of the dialogue. At his row he stops and gloats over his victims as he counts how many there are. Adjusting his overcoat so that it will hit every hat in the line and dishevel every bang under those hats, he begins his mad plunge for his seat. His cane he carries so that it will catch every thread of lace or every ornament, while he so handles his feet as to take an inch of patent leather off every shoe.

Gained his seat and he casts his eye along the wreck he has wrought, looks into the face of every auditor in the house, bangs up his chair, then down again, throws his overcoat over it so that it will hit the victim behind him, and down he planks himself with a grunt of sublime satisfaction at having for once in his life made his presence felt by scores.

This is the individual who usually makes remarks about big hats in theaters.

And I am going to tell you how this ubiquitous acquaintance of ours was most beautifully "sat on" the other evening.

It was at a down town theater. The prettiest, daintiest, most exquisitely dressed little girl came in. Her hat was a perfect dream, though I'll admit it was rather large, yet it was so bewitchingly becoming that only a brute could have breathed a word against it. The girl had hardly seated herself and arranged a rebellious lock of hair that persisted in looking into her eyes, when this horrid brute of a man of whom I have been speaking gave vent to the following piece of pure, unadulterated brutishness:

"Oh, Lord! How am I expected to see through that hat?"

He rather flattered himself, I think, if he imagined the girl had any expectations in regard to him when she put the hat on. However, a dubious look passed over her face, she hesitated a moment, then raised her hands, unpinned her hat and took it off with a deep sigh that should have gone straight to that man's heart. She then turned around and with a charming smile, which went to show that a woman never does anything by halves, she asked:

"Is that better now?"

And this horrid man, this foe to hats, bangs, laces and ornaments, this trampler on rights and patent leather shoes, had the boldness to say that he believed he would go out to see a friend.

The girl? Oh, she held her hat throughout the performance.—Blanche Hastings in San Francisco Examiner.

Interesting Shy Men.

One of the characters in a modern novel is made to say: "I love a shy man. He is getting so scarce." Perhaps that is why he is so really delicious. When he blushes palpably, but without looking awkward, one is drawn toward him by a certain sentiment of affinity, and so long as he is just shy enough, but not too shy, he wins more and more upon one. To draw a really shy man out of his shyness is a pleasing task, and the more so as he is generally disinclined to give expression to the thoughts and ideas that he usually keeps locked fast away within himself. One comes upon a stray jewel or two now and then, in such cases, in the shape of an unexpected thought that astonishes the discoverer because it seems so different from the person from whom it emanates. I assure you, I think shy men are sometimes very charming, but then one must be a little shy one's self in order to appreciate them. Do you know any nice ones, and do you find that they only come out of their shell in a tete-a-tete, and not always then, so that there is a pleasing element of uncertainty about them which adds to the interest they inspire?—Cor. London Truth.

Human Flesh Does Not Petrify.

Petrification is simply the substitution of inorganic for organic matter, atom by atom. This process of transformation is unthinkably slow. As a molecule of wood or bone decays a molecule of stone takes its place. This can only occur when the air, earth or water surrounding the organic substance in question holds in solution some mineral which is readily precipitated. In the case of either wood or bone, while decomposition is going on, there yet remains a framework or fiber, the interstices of which may gradually be filled by the mineral substance—with flesh, be it human or animal, no such framework exists. The very rapid decay of flesh also makes it impossible for the very slow process of petrifaction to have any effect in the way of making a transformation.

The stories of petrified bodies being found in graveyards are usually "faked up" by some imaginative reporter who wishes to lengthen his "string." It is true, however, that the bodies of human beings have been frequently found incrusted with a silicious substance so as to resemble real petrifactions in every particular.—St. Louis Republic.

A BALLOON ADVENTURE.

Setting Off Fireworks at an Altitude of a Thousand Yards.

M. John Lemoinne, the French academician and publicist who died recently, made a balloon ascension in his younger years which cured him of the taste of aerostation. He was at the time a bachelor, but in spite of his want of a family had some one who looked after him carefully in the person of the concierge or porter of the house which he occupied. At the moment when the aeronaut gave the word, "Let go all!" from the balloon at the Hippodrome, in Paris, Lemoinne, who was the only person in the basket with the aeronaut, called out to a friend:

"Please go and tell my concierge, who's very fond of me, that I shan't probably sleep at home tonight. Just that—it's all that will be necessary."

Up went the balloon. A height of 1,000 yards was reached.

"Now," said the aeronaut, "we will set off the fireworks."

"What?"

"Oh, I promised to set off some fireworks at this altitude, and as I can't leave this cord I'll trouble you to touch off the roman candles. And do it carefully, for if one of the balls should strike the balloon off she'd go like a bombehell, and that would be the last of us. There they are. Now touch them off."

"Oh, yes. Certainly," said Lemoinne. with his heart in his mouth."

The balloon was plunging this way and that, and the great bag dipping down irregularly, Lemoinne touched the match to one of the roman candles, which he held with a trembling hand. Off it went—then another ball—fizz, pop—almost grazing the great plunging bag, which he knew was filled with a highly inflammable gas.

Then a bengal light was brought out, placed on a metal plate and set off. It sputtered and flamed, and little intense patches of fire were thrown off from it upon the osiers of the basket.

"Put those out!" screamed the aeronaut. "They'll set the basket on fire!"

Lemoinne scrambled over the basket, putting out the sparks of fire. The bengal light sputtered on. A fierce breeze struck the balloon, and it bent low almost to the level of the basket, which tipped sidewise fearfully. The men in it had to cling to its sides for their life.

The fire was scattered about, and some of the osiers of the basket were seen to be smoking. The thing was on fire. Lemoinne had his choice of letting it burn or falling 3,000 feet to the earth. If it blazed, and the fire was communicated to the bag, they would go to the ground anyhow.

The aeronaut meanwhile was plying the line which communicated with the escape valve and was letting out the gas with a rush. Down went the balloon. No more fireworks that day. The descent was made rapidly and successfully, and before long the ground was safely reached.

"It was just in time," said Lemoinne, in telling the story, "for the basket was on fire in several places. If we had had any difficulty in descending my concierge would have been waiting for me yet."—Youth's Companion.

Imitation Jewelry In Paris.

The manufacture of imitation jewelry in Paris dates from the reign of Louis XIV, the luxury of dress both for ladies and gentlemen at that epoch making imperative the wearing of an immense number of trinkets. The coat and dress buttons and the hat and shoe buckles manufactured in false diamonds during that reign and those of Louis XV and Louis XVI remain the most perfect specimens of that kind of trinket in existence. The fine finish of the settings and the brilliancy of the stones leave nothing to be desired, and very fortunate is the Parisian belle who has inherited from her ancestors any of these beautiful and artistic ornaments.

Modern imitation jewelry is of an infinite number of grades, beginning with the ordinary stage trinkets, in unmistakable glass and gilt brass, made only with a view to effect and glitter behind the footlights. Yet, though without any claims to deception as regards their true quality, they are often interesting as being accurate reproductions of antique or historic jewels. Such were the ornaments designed and executed for Mme. Bernhardt's impersonation of "Theodora," and of like quality are many of the ornaments manufactured for the wardrobe department of the grand opera.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Two Tunes by One Orchestra.

"I have seen or heard a number of interesting things since I came to New York," said a visitor, "and one of the things that pleased me was the music of a band that was marching in a procession and playing two tunes at once, the 'Star Spangled Banner' and 'Yankee Doodle.' The musicians playing 'Yankee Doodle' played just twice as fast as those playing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' so of course the marching time was perfect. A few days later I heard an orchestra in a theater do the same thing. All the musicians on one side of the leader played the 'Star Spangled Banner;" all the men on the other side played 'Yankee Doodle.' I am obliged to say that it struck me as being rather amusing, and I wanted to laugh at it, but I didn't. I looked right ahead, just as though I were accustomed to hearing theater orchestras play two or more tunes at once every day. But pretty soon I saw that some of the city people seemed to think that this was rather funny, and when they laughed I gave myself the pleasure of laughing too."—New York Sun.

Providing For the Future.

It is recorded of a rich old English farmer that, in giving instructions for his will, he directed that a legacy of £100 be given to his wife. Being informed that some distinction was usually made in case the widow married again he doubled the sum, and when told that this was quite contrary to custom he said with heartfelt sympathy for his possible successor, "Aye, but him as gets her'll deserve it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Demanding the Countersign.

Stories of the blunders made by green volunteers on guard duty are always in order at the campfires of veterans of the civil war. At such an occasion recently a member of the middle Tennessee regiment, which was commanded by Colonel Gillem, told the following story:

For a time we were stationed in the city of Nashville, doing guard duty. There was a raw recruit in our ranks—an Irishman and a very good fellow—whom we all liked. He was bound to be a good soldier and had the strongest desire to be efficient in all things.

One day he was put on guard duty on one of the principal streets in the city. He had never been in the same situation and thought it his duty to challenge every one who came along, just as he would in camp.

By and by a well dressed citizen approached.

"Halt! Who goes there?" says Mike.

"A citizen," answered the man.

"Advance, citizen, and give the countersign!"

"But I don't know the countersign," said the citizen, "and if I did I think it is very strange and unusual that it should be demanded in a public place like this."

"Well, be jabers then," said Mike, "ye don't pass this way till ye've said 'Bonker hill!'"

"Bunker hill," said the man, with a grin.

"Right! Pass on," said the sentinel at "present," and the citizen went on about his affairs.—Youth's Companion.

Victims of Counterfeiters.

"Some people," said James E. Curtis, "are exceptionately unfortunate in the matter of counterfeit bills. I am one of them. For the life of me I never could tell a decently executed counterfeit from a good bill, and I am frequently victimized in consequence. Careful investigation has led me to the conclusion that it is dangerous to take change at a small window, especially when there is a crowd clamoring for attention, and I have also noticed that keepers of small stores are apt to innocently pass out bogus money which has been paid to them intentionally or by accident. There is absolute safety at a bank, and there is comparatively little danger in any large establishment not of a migratory character which has an experienced cashier. But I have been placed in an embarrassing position so often by trying to pass paper received in all good faith that I am getting very cautious about getting change under the conditions named.

"I was once put off a train in a miserably forlorn district because I tendered the conductor the last $10 bill I had in my pocket, and which, he politely told me, any fool could see was bogus. Since then I have made it a rule to provide myself with bills of all denominations up to $10 and $20, and lately have been able to get rid of the constant fear I formerly entertained of getting suspected of a crime I never so much as contemplated."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Cigars That Are Expensive.

"How often does one see 'Vuelta Abajo' written and printed on cigar boxes, and how seldom does one obtain a real Vuelta Abajo cigar!

"Tell you the reason why? Certainly," remarked the loquacious cigar man. "In the Abajo valley is a small, low piece of country about five miles from Havana, capable of producing tobacco enough to make about 30,000 cigars annually, or about one-quarter of the number smoked every six months in Washington. Without question the tobacco is the finest grown. The result is the kings and noblemen of England, Russia, Germany, France and the other European countries gobble them up. Every single cigar made of Vuelta Abajo tobacco is sold to them at prices ranging from $20 to $150 a hundred.

"Americans would never pay that price, especially when the $20 to $150 a hundred does not include the tariff, which would make the poorest quality of these cigars sell at 47 cents apiece at wholesale. These cigars are bought and paid for, too, by the way, long before the crop is ever harvested. Manufacturers, with that remarkable coolness with which some men are endowed, proceed to call all qualities and kinds of Cuban cigars 'Havana' and 'Vuelta Abajo,' when half of them never saw a cigar of that growth."—Washington News.

To Start a New England Kitchen.

To start a New England kitchen choose a location thickly settled by wage earners, those to whom ready cooked food will prove a relief from labor and to whom cleanliness and savoriness will appeal. Then secure vouchers from the honest, respectable and reliable business men of the place, from the dispensary, policemen, clergy and parish priests. Any new enterprise is looked upon with suspicion, and our wage earners are sensitive and quick to resent charity or patronage. Helpers in the work should be chosen from the neighborhood, and only those should be taken who can learn to be accurate and trustworthy.

The neighboring grocers, bakers and tinsmiths should be enlisted in the work, for they can do much by their co-operation. The habits of the people should be closely studied and friendly, and neighborly relations should be established with them. Moreover, hot and cold water, which is such an invaluable blessing in a tenement house, should be freely distributed by those in charge of the kitchen. Criticism of the dishes sold should also be welcomed, and suggestions should be encouraged.—Mrs. Ellen H. Richards in Forum.

Spain's Royal Palace.

The royal palace in Madrid, which the Infanta Eulalie still regards as her home, though her mother is in exile, is one of the most magnificent edifices in Europe. It is of marble and granite, occupies an area of 220,000 square feet and rises dazzlingly white against the sky to a height of 100 feet. The scene from the palace gardens is splendid. In the edifice there are a gallery of paintings, a library, a museum, an armory, a chapel and a theater.—New York Sun.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

Restores faded, thin, and gray hair to its original color, texture, and abundance; prevents it from falling out, checks tendency to baldness, and promotes a new and vigorous growth. A clean, safe, elegant, and economical hair-dressing,

Everywhere Popular

"Nine months after having the typhoid fever, my head was perfectly bald. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and before I had used half a bottle, the hair began to grow. Two more bottles brought out as good a head of hair as ever I had. On my recommendation, my brother William Craig made use of Ayer's Hair Vigor with the same good results."—Stephen Craig, 832 Charlotte st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

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County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
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Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh-st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4004 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in B shop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

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St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9222 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4739 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos F Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Illinois and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North av and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5900 WentWorth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

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We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of those wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

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No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

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Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

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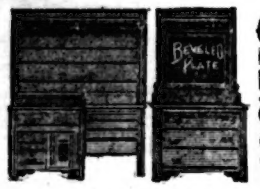
$12.50.  $12.50.

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CHARLES J. SULLIVAN, Administrator.

James McEnerny, Attorney for estate.

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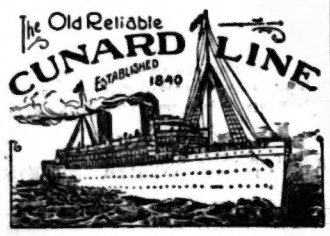

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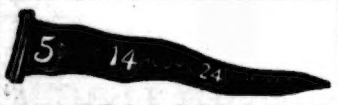

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